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"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterly; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—BULWER.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of William Yates, D.D. of Calcutta, with an Abridgement of his Life of W. H. Pearce. By JAMES HOBY, D.D. London, 1847: Houlston and Stoneman.

THERE are lives which glide noiselessly away, marked by none of the stirring incidents that, calling forth the latent energies of character, give rise to striking deeds, produce sudden changes in mortal affairs, and furnish materials for a picturesque biography. And yet lives which are passed in the calm seclusion of the study, unmarked by any but the most ordinary outward events, may be originating revolutions more complete than ever were wrought by the mightiest heroes. The calm, unobtrusive labours of the student exercise an influence on the destinies of nations, and even when he, his name, and his works may have passed into oblivion, the spark of light which he has kindled burns into a brighter flame, and the work which he has begun goes on for ever. Such a life was that of the late Dr. YATES. Not so much a missionary, in the common acceptance of the term, as a translator of the Scriptures, he employed his time and extraordinary talents as a linguist in rendering into several of the eastern languages the sacred writings, and composing or translating various works, chiefly elementary and educational. His life was devoted to the one object of giving to our brethren and fellow-subjects in the East the means of emancipating themselves from the dark and bloody bondage of the twin-tyrants, Ignorance and Superstition.

WILLIAM YATES was born at Loughborough, in Leicestershire, December 15, 1792. His father was a shoemaker, and the future linguist was trained to this occupation. In this humble employment he displayed the same unwearied industry which was a distinctive feature of his calm and quiet character. We are informed that, on one occasion, he completed in one week, as many pairs of shoes as there are weeks in the year. At fourteen he became, by baptism, a member of the General Baptist Church, to which his family belonged—a sect which has been adorned by no small share of talent, learning, and enterprise. Uniting to a devotional spirit an eager desire for knowledge, and a passion for grammatical studies in particular, his friends made ar-

rangements for gratifying his favourite tastes by placing him under the tuition of the master of the classical school, though he did not at that time relinquish his more humble avocations. He also displayed a talent for preaching, in which he is said to have excelled. Chiefly through the agency of the Rev. ROBERT HALL, of Leicester, he obtained admission to Bristol College, where he entered after Michaelmas, 1812. Here he pursued his studies with the same unwearied application and unflagging zest which were among the most prominent features of his character. He displayed also then, as at every subsequent period, a firm faith in an overruling Providence, and a filial reverence and love truly touching. It was at Bristol that Mr. YATES adopted the determination of going abroad. Abyssinia he first thought of as the field of his labours; but this idea was afterwards abandoned, and his attention turned to British India, which finally proved the scene of his mission. Accordingly he set sail for Calcutta in October 1814, and arrived there in the April following. In a letter from the Cape, he gives the following account of his studies during the voyage:—

Perhaps you would like to know how I spend my time. Before breakfast I read a chapter of Greek; afterwards till dinner I study Bengalee and Hebrew. I have read the Gospel of John, and fifty pages of Dr. Carey's Colloquies in the former, and generally two chapters a-day of the latter. In the afternoon I read Greek, and have read Homer's *Odyssey* through, and a great part of Plato's *Dialogues*. My evenings I spend in general reading, and have read about twelve volumes. Saturdays I have devoted to making sermons. I have only one to prepare for Sunday, but I always sketch two, and have found a pleasure and facility in this beyond what I expected. From the above you will see that this voyage has been no material hindrance to my studies. Indeed, your presence excepted, I am as comfortable, and can do as well in my cabin, as I could in your study at Bristol.

On his arrival in India Mr. YATES went to reside at Serampore, where he acted as assistant to Dr. CAREY, his predecessor in the work of translation. Such aid must indeed have been very welcome, as we find the elder missionary asserting in a letter that there were translations of the Bible going forward in twenty-seven different languages, the revision and correction of which devolved entirely upon himself. Here the young linguist remained till the commencement of a controversy between the Serampore missionaries and the Baptist Missionary Society in Britain, which, after a correspondence of ten years, terminated in a dissolution of the connection between them. Mr. YATES, espousing the cause of the parent society, found it expedient to remove to Calcutta, where a new missionary establishment was formed, and which proved the scene of his future labours. It was while at Serampore that Mr. YATES formed his first matrimonial alliance with the orphan daughter of a missionary, a lady with whom he lived very happily, and who from her education possessed the qualifications most necessary for a missionary's wife. During this earlier period of his sojourn in India he thus wrote:—

You ask me what effect is produced on my mind by the sight of idolatrous worship. What you suspect on this is exactly true, viz. that it becomes less from beholding it than it seemed from description. When I read in England of the burning of widows, I felt the deepest pity; when I saw one burned, I felt the highest indignation. The grandest displays of their worship exhibit a scene just like Bow Fair; and you may guess what we feel by what you feel yourself when in the midst of such a scene. In most things which regard their worship, it is said they are quite different to what they were one hundred years ago, and this gives me hopes that, through the unremitting exertions of Christian missionaries, in another hundred years they will no longer be what they are now. I am not so sanguine as some in these things, but feel fully convinced that in a work of this kind

there must be much exertion, faith, prayer, and patience before there is much fruit. We must then sow in tears if we would reap in joy. We must not think after the first skirmish that we have gained a complete victory over so great and formidable a host, though, while we trust in our great Captain, and the supplies of his spirit, *nil desperandum*. When I preach to the natives, I am heard with attention, though, I suppose, it is more from the novelty of the thing than from the desire of salvation. I have, with yourself, to lament the faint and feeble glimmerings of devotion. You very well know that perpetual attention to hard study has a tendency to damp this flame. I trust I have always a firm hope in my Saviour. In my work I am sometimes very happy, — sometimes, however, very much depressed, and am miserably deficient in faith, and love, and zeal. As my work increases, my ability for it, if once I had any, seems to decrease. I have therefore the greatest need of your prayers, lest, after all, I should be cast away. You know very well that it is no easy task to be "disciples indeed;" but it is still harder to be a Christian minister and missionary.

The life of Mr. YATES at Calcutta was marked by the same application to study and the same assiduity in every avocation which had hitherto distinguished it. Surrounded by a band of friends, all working together in harmony, he seems at this period to have been very happily situated. Besides his philological studies and translations, he took his share of missionary labour among the heathen population, and acted as Secretary to the Calcutta School Book Society, for which he prepared and translated several elementary works, scientific as well as literary. His publications were in no fewer than five different languages, — Sanscrit, Bengalee, Arabic, Hindostanee, and English. Amongst others, he wrote an essay upon "Sanskrit Alliteration" — a curious and interesting subject, and a species of composition in which the Orientals have exhibited unrivalled ingenuity and perseverance. Mr. YATES's practice gives evidence that, however subordinate, he did not consider investigation upon such subjects altogether irrelevant to the great aim — the conversion of idolaters to the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. We think that in this he judged most wisely; for those who desire to effect any great moral change in the character of a people, it can surely never be otherwise than expedient, if not absolutely necessary, that they should make themselves acquainted with, and endeavour to diffuse a knowledge of, the literary tastes and peculiarities, the habits of thinking, and all that may tend to elucidate the complexion of the minds upon which it is their object to work. The character of every race, as well as of every individual, possesses its assailable points, and when these are carefully ascertained, success is likely to be greatly accelerated. We think, therefore, that all knowledge relating to the country or the people thus to be revolutionized, particularly such knowledge as is best calculated to throw light upon their moral and intellectual development, comes within the province of the missionary, who, moreover, promoted his cause still further by creating a greater interest in it. Mr. YATES also wrote several essays upon the burning of widows — that appropriate consummation of the life of suffering to which the weaker sex are condemned in the East. Truly the life of the Hindoo woman is a fearful tragedy, forming one of the most striking illustrations that without the civilising influence of Christianity, society has ever been divided into two great classes — the oppressor and the oppressed, the physically strong and the physically weak. The first efforts to originate a system of education for the degraded females of India were not, however, made by Mr. YATES, but by his friend and colleague, Mr. W. H. PEARCE; and the first organization of a society for the promotion of this all-important object was in the young ladies' seminary, kept by the wives of the missionaries — the first step towards restoring to fifty millions of enslaved beings the inalienable right of every creature made in the Divine image to seek, by the improvement

of every faculty, to bring the imperfect representation closer to the perfect Type.

The following is an interesting account by Mr. WADE, an American missionary, of a narrow escape from a tragical death made by him and his brethren then engaged in their labours at Rangoon, in the Burman empire. Mr. WADE had been advised by his friends in Calcutta, but in vain, not to prosecute his intention of going to Rangoon, on account of the war at that time between the English and the Burman empire. On the approach of English troops to Rangoon, he says —

We were chained and put in close confinement under armed keepers, who were ordered to massacre us the moment the first shot was fired; but when the firing commenced they were so panic-struck, they all shrank into one corner of the prison. The next shot made the prison tremble, as if it would be immediately down upon our heads, when they broke open the door and fled. In a few moments the firing ceased; we expected the troops were landing, and that we should be released, when, horrible to relate, about fifty Brahmins rushed into the prison, drew us out and stripped us of everything but our pantaloons. Our naked arms were drawn behind us and corded; we were then driven at the point of their spears to the seat of judgment, where we were made to kneel, with our bodies bending forward, for the convenience of the executioner, who was ordered to behead us. At this moment several shots were sent very near us; the people fled, and took refuge under the banks of a neighbouring tank.

And thus were the lives of the missionaries providentially saved.

The following letter from Mr. YATES to his parents is very characteristic, and gives a very pleasing idea of the union which subsisted among the Christian missionaries of different denominations, — a union which we cordially agree with Dr. HOBY in hoping "will not be marred by the increasing number or growing activity of those who are employed:" —

"My dear Parents, — It is now nearly six years since I left you; and my conscience bears me witness that not a day has passed in which I have not thought about you all, and prayed for your welfare; and I feel confident that you have done the same respecting me. What a blessing that we can thus assist each other! Last week we held our annual missionary association. Our meetings were well attended: we had two sermons in English, and two in Bengalee. The whole was closed with a conference meeting, at which all the missionaries in Calcutta, churchmen, independents, and baptists, drank tea at our house. The book I promised to send you, you will think a long time in coming; and when it does arrive, you will not think it worth having on account of what it contains, but on account of its having been written by me. You will perhaps wonder how I could employ my time in writing so dry a book; but though it must appear dry to you, I am persuaded it will save some other missionaries who come to the country, and have to study the Sanscrit language, many hours' labour, which is an important consideration."

It was in the end of the year 1826 that Mr. YATES found it necessary, for the benefit of his health, to seek for a time a change of climate. Leaving his wife and youngest son behind, he visited America, accompanied by his eldest son, and then proceeded to England. Here he remained nearly a year, making several missionary tours, and taking a short trip to Paris. Shortly after his arrival in his native land, he received the melancholy tidings of the death of the little son whom he had left in India. This sad event added to his impatience to return to the scene of his labours. A striking proof of his longing after these pursuits is afforded by his saying in the words of the Psalmist, with the substitution of one important term for another, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away and be at work!" Love of the work! This is the only spirit which will carry a man through any great enterprise. The greatest abilities are of little avail where they do not carry the heart along with them. Dr. ARNOLD says "The tastes

and faculties which God gives us, are the making of our fitness for one thing rather than another," the *tastes* and faculties; for the tastes are the channels in which God has appointed the faculties to run, that there may be no department unoccupied in the economy of human life. The statesman, the missionary, the scholar, the mathematician, the artist, have each their appointed share in the great work of human improvement, and the honour attaches not so much to any particular class of work as to the spirit in which it is performed.

After a stormy voyage Mr. YATES landed in India the second time on the 4th of February 1829. Shortly after his arrival at Calcutta he was appointed pastor of an English congregation, and relieved from the duties of stated teaching and preaching to the natives, that he might devote his time more uninterruptedly to his translations. He still continued to employ himself for the School Book Society, justly considering the providing of suitable books for the young a work of the highest importance. Dr. Hony makes the following striking observation:—

It was a beautiful coincidence that a father, contributing so efficiently to the instruction of the innumerable youth of India, should thereby provide the means of educating his own sons and daughters. He said, "As long as I keep up my connection with the School Book Society I shall be able to meet those demands."

There is no feature in the character of Dr. YATES which strikes us as being more admirable than his perfect freedom from mercenary aims. We find him again and again not only economising the funds of the Society in whose employment he was, but adding to them by the fruits of his own industry and self-denial. Such conduct is the most convincing proof of the sincerity which forms the first ingredient in every mind which has embraced the great truth that man's happiness lies not in the outward world and its glittering fictions, but in the world of his own soul and its imperishable realities. It was during this period that Mr. YATES was occupied in preparing translations of the Scriptures for the Bible Society. As might have been supposed, it was found difficult to produce a version perfectly to satisfy every sect. A dispute arose between the Society and the Baptists with regard to the translation or transference of the word *baptize*. However much we may admire the staunch adherence to the dictates of conscience displayed upon this occasion, we cannot help thinking the discussion altogether, as bearing only upon the difference between immersion and sprinkling, evinces a slight tendency in the parties concerned to strain at a gnat. Mr. YATES had, on his return to India, found his wife and his own associates alive and well; but during the succeeding eight or nine years he had to mourn the loss of many—the veteran missionaries at Serampore, friends belonging to his own immediate circle; and, lastly, his wife, to whom he appears to have been deeply attached. She died at sea, on a voyage which had been undertaken with a view to benefit her health. It was thus he communicated to a friend the loss he had sustained:—

My dear Mrs. Scobie,—At the close of last year I received by the *Edwards* a basket of toys for the children and a note for Mrs. Yates. As they were gone to sea when these arrived, I put them aside until their return. For the last three weeks I have been anxiously looking for them, and after a long and very tedious voyage the vessel has arrived, and has brought me back all my treasures. Ah! no. They have thrown into the great deep—in the same bay where your dear father lies—my beloved Catherine, there to lie till the sea shall give up the dead which are in it. These painful tidings I received the night before last, and they are the close of a moral and invisible struggle through which my soul has passed during the last two months. The danger has been great, but the storm is now over, and all is tranquil and serene. All is right. She began to sink before they arrived at Penang, and continued after-

wards to get worse till she expired. The children are not yet come from the ship, but I expect them to-day, or, at farthest, to-morrow. Amidst sorrow and perplexity I can review with great satisfaction the many happy years which God has permitted us to enjoy each other's society; and I shall never forget that one in which I paid you a visit at Monghyr. Our treasures in heaven are rapidly increasing. May our hearts be there, and daily prepared for their enjoyment.

Under the pressure of sorrow produced by this bereavement, and by physical ailments, Mr. YATES seems at this time to have had thoughts of a visit to England, but there appears to have been no remission of his labours either in deed or in contemplation. He thus writes:—

I have no reason to hope that I can long continue in my present course. I have had three attacks of sickness since my wife left. I thought I will finish another edition of the Bengalee Testament, and the one in Hindostanee and Sanscrit; then I will go to England and finish my *Biblical Apparatus*, which will require at least two years of hard labour, where the body can best support it; and then return to India, and apply the result to both the Old and New Testament till the end of my life.

Towards the end of the year succeeding that in which Mrs. YATES died, Mr. YATES relinquished the pastorate of the English church which he had held upwards of eleven years, and it was proposed that he should devote himself henceforth exclusively to the work of translation—an arrangement which appears to have corresponded entirely with his own inclinations. About the same time the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him by the Board of Fellows of Brown's University, in the United States of America. His eldest son had returned from his medical studies in England, the rest of his family were comfortably settled; things seemed to look brighter, when the short interval of serenity was suddenly terminated by a new and heavy calamity. This was the death of his friend and colleague, Mr. PEARCE, the only one remaining in Calcutta of all those who had commenced the mission with him there. Death seems at this period to have made sad havoc among the members of the Baptist Mission at Calcutta, while others were obliged to remove on account of ill-health. Mr. YATES, however, relinquished the idea of going to England, but proceeded on a river excursion to Benares and Allahabad. He seems to have derived much pleasure and instruction from this trip, and mentions having been received with marked kindness by the missionary brethren of every denomination. On his return he was married to Mrs. PEARCE, the widow of his friend. This connection seems to have shed a gleam of brightness over the cares and sorrows which beset his latter days. Being the oldest missionary, he was applied to in every emergency, and his studies were liable to constant interruptions. He had, however, the satisfaction of living to see completed the Bengalee Bible, towards the preparation of which he had so greatly contributed. During these last years he also published the *Nalo'daya*, a poem, in Sanscrit, with a metrical translation, to which was appended the essay on Alliteration, before alluded to, and a work in Bengalee, called the *Hira sangralia*. He was also busied in preparing for the press a version of the scriptures in Sanscrit, "the Latin of the East," chiefly intended for the benefit of the learned. In the midst of these occupations, death was not idle. Mr. YATES lost two beloved friends,—the one being seized with the mortal distemper at the grave of the other, whilst the funeral oration was being pronounced. After repeated attacks of illness, Dr. YATES was himself at last so completely incapacitated for work that he sailed to the Sandheads in the hope of benefiting his health. This measure seemed to have in some degree the desired effect; but the improvement was but transient, and a return to England was determined on as a last though

almost hopeless resource. "They have condemned me to go home," said the dying missionary, whose work and life seemed one; but that home he was destined never to reach. He sailed for Suez on the 3rd of June, 1845, and exactly a month from that date, exhausted by suffering, greatly aggravated by the intense heat, he breathed his last, and with all the honours that circumstances would permit, his mortal remains were committed to the waters of the Red Sea. And thus terminated the earthly career of this learned, good, and pious man.

Dr. Hoby has, we think, performed his task in a manner creditable alike to himself and his deceased friend. There are many objections to biographies written by near relations, but we do not see that these apply with such force in the case of an intimate friend. The existence of friendship depends in a much greater degree upon rational grounds than the existence of family affection; and where friendship is found to endure, there will almost invariably be discovered the qualities most capable of creating and preserving it. Neither is the egotism of the friend so much interested as that of the son or the brother. Dr. Hoby's memoir is written in a quiet, unassuming style, which aims at being faithful rather than striking. It assimilates well with the character of the individual whom it successfully endeavours to portray, and to be properly appreciated, ought to be read as a whole. The steady tenor of Dr. YATES's life and character, his clear judgment, his active and comprehensive mind, his patient industry, his gentle zeal, his tolerant disposition, his firm faith, though presenting a fine model of the missionary character, and considered as such, deeply interesting, afford few salient points for a rapid sketch, and furnish but scanty materials for detached extracts.

We commend this book to all who are interested in missionary enterprise, or in the exhibition of the missionary character.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Recollections of Malta, Sicily, and the Continent. By PENRY WILLIAMS, Jun. Esq. Edinburgh, Fraser and Co. London, Orr and Co.

THE doctors having prescribed a warmer climate for Mrs. WILLIAMS, Mr. WILLIAMS resolved to migrate with all his family to Malta, where they arrived healthy and happy, and having found very few inconveniences by the way; and Mr. WILLIAMS states that he has written and published this volume with the intent to shew to other fathers of families, seeking the same winter retreat, how they may travel thither at the least cost and in the most agreeable manner.

But this information alone would scarcely have justified a volume, still less one so handsomely printed and embellished as that before us; so Mr. WILLIAMS proceeds to tell us in a lively manner, and with a minuteness that brings objects with singular distinctness to the mind's eye of the reader, the sights seen on the route, observations at Malta, their travel thence to Sicily, and the return through Rome, Switzerland, and the Rhine. It must be confessed that a great deal of the ground thus trodden is almost worn out. It would be difficult to impart novelty to Rome or the Alps. Sicily is less familiar, and to those parts of the volume we shall confine our extracts. Mr. WILLIAMS is evidently a keen and accurate observer, and this gives value to his narrative, which will please even more in the extract than in the perusal as a whole. We will join the family at Messina, and behold them

FURNISHING IN SICILY.

The idea of furnishing a house is, in the abstract, rather an alarming affair; and for three months only, may perhaps appear

almost absurd. Our real wants, however, were few, and the articles to be purchased ridiculously cheap. A very respectable chair might be procured for about the value of thirteen pence; and a chest of drawers, French polished, for thirty shillings. Our beds we hired at so much per night (a few grains). These were supported on a bedstead of rather a primitive description—somewhat of a workhouse or infirmary character; deal boards on iron trestles supplying the place of mahogany posts and sacking—elegances seldom met with in this part of the world. The beds are stuffed with the leaves of Indian corn, which are not at all a bad substitute for horse-hair. Feathers in the hot season would be insupportable. The floors of our sitting-rooms were rather ornamental, being composed of Neapolitan tiles, in some measure resembling the old Dutch; and being arranged in a pattern, have much the effect of a carpet. They are very well adapted for the climate, being cool, and easily cleaned—an operation requisite at least every other day. You thus get rid of fleas in a wholesome manner, which would otherwise swarm without end. A person unaccustomed to this description of floor will almost fancy he is treading on glass or ice; and several tumbles were the result of the children's first essays upon this new material. Our establishment was soon got together; and in a very few days we had shaken our feathers and become settled. The only difficulty we experienced was in procuring a servant to assist our nurse. One of the children, being very young, required occasionally to be carried: now, to carry a child, from some unaccountable reason, is deemed an abomination by the Messinese; and we were obliged to part with a servant, in other respects a good one, for refusing to perform this requisite service. Our rooms had the usual drawbacks belonging to houses in this country. The best apartments are always on the upper story, and thus innumerable steps are to be climbed—the said steps generally none of the cleanest; and as they are often common to three or four families, of various grades in life, it is almost impossible to keep them even in decent order. We tried the effect of a deluge of water; but our neighbours seemed quite at a loss to understand the motive of our proceedings, and of course very soon obliterated any unusual traces of cleanliness we might have established.

And here is the description of the capital itself.

MESSINA.

To bear noise well requires a certain apprenticeship; and a nervous person would have fared badly in our house, its windows opening on the Marina, which was a scene of bustle, business, and altercation throughout the day. The quarrels, witticisms, and traffic of the inhabitants were equally under our eyes. The street is, in fact, the great mart; here are sold fish, butcher's-meat, vegetables, and fruit; while odoriferous exhalations are wafted upwards from frying-pans, in which tripe, coagulated blood, liver, and other delicacies are prepared for the stomachs of the Messinese. See that cunning little fellow pinching the tit-bits in search of the tenderest morsel. Ha! he has made his choice; but, "Stop, sir—your money;" the grain appears, and the bargain is made. Nothing is done without value received. Who is that in close confab with an old man in spectacles, seated at a table, on which are pens and ink? A letter is being composed—a proceeding of intense interest, but one seldom performed to the satisfaction of the party concerned. The mistakes sometimes made in these compositions must be ludicrous in the extreme. Manzoni illustrates the matter to perfection: "The peasant, unable to write, has recourse to one of these scribes, selecting him, as far as practicable, from among those of his own class, feeling diffident in seeking assistance from an individual in a rank of life superior to his own. He describes his ideas to this man, who generally misunderstands quite as much as he comprehends, and makes any alterations he may think necessary. In addition to this, the letter, when arrived at its destination, has often to be read to the person to whom it is addressed, and any interpretation is put upon a doubtful paragraph which may suit the fancy of the reader, so that the real idea which this correspondence was intended to communicate remains very often in as great obscurity as an insoluble problem in mathematics." The day is ended; not so, however, the noise. Every boat moored close to the Marina possesses one or two dogs as a guard; and a most zealous watch they keep. At midnight probably some poor hungry animal of their own

species comes prowling in their quarters, in search of a supper. The nearest dog gives the alarm; the whole posse are roused, rush from their boats, and scurry after the intruder with a yell worthy of Pandemonium itself. So much for your first nap. A second canine chevvy of this description is no extraordinary matter; and the early habits of the population effectually prevent any indulgence in late rising.

The finest approach to Messina is by sea, from whence the crescent on the Marina has an imposing effect. The buildings are substantial, and in good taste, and speak volumes for the energy and perseverance of the inhabitants, who, undaunted by the havoc occasioned by the earthquake in 1783, set to work immediately, like a colony of ants, to remedy the mischief. The style of architecture adopted since that event is, I am told, of a much more substantial character, and calculated to stand a very respectable shock; and well is it that such is the case, as earthquakes are by no means uncommon. Not many years ago shocks were perceptible every night for fifteen nights in succession. We were rather amused at a query of one of our Malta friends, who, on being informed of our intention to remain some time at Messina, asked us very coolly, "if we minded earthquakes?" as we were to reconcile ourselves to an occurrence of this nature "at least once a fortnight." Perhaps we were unusually fortunate, as, during a residence of three months, we experienced nothing of the kind. I believe, however, the winter is the season during which they are usually felt. The thermometer began now to rise in good earnest; we, however, consoled ourselves with the conviction that our friends at Valetta were undergoing the process of baking to a much greater extent. Even here the heat was sufficient to confine us within doors the greater part of the day. We generally remained quiet till about half-past twelve, and then enjoyed the luxury of a sea-bath; we dined at two o'clock; and the evening, the really delightful portion of the day, was reserved for exercise. Riding or boating were those usually adopted. We were much surprised at the caution observed by the Italians with regard to sea-bathing. They never commence before July, and seldom persevere beyond the middle of September. Nothing will induce them to venture in the water on a rainy day; and even after a hard shower, they consider it a hazardous experiment. They have, doubtless, good reasons for this precaution, although to us it might be unattended with any mischief. Temporary baths were erected, where each individual might have his own private dip, and could also, if he chose, swim out into the open sea. These were completed at the beginning of July, with the strict injunction of the intendente that they should be entirely removed by the 20th of September. Previous to this I had been in the habit of bathing outside the harbour, where the water was particularly clear and seductive, but thought it prudent to renounce the practice, having one day received a hint that sharks were occasionally seen in that neighbourhood. In fact, not many years ago, a soldier, who was swimming near the spot, was carried off and bolted by one of these ravenous monsters. Independent of this little objection, there is another drawback to an open sea-bath. Shoals of sea-anemonies are blown towards the shore, and their touch leaves a sensation resembling a sharp nettle-sting. This circumstance renders necessary the precaution of a dress, which counteracts most materially the whole pleasure of the bath.

They had occasion to call in medical aid, and thus made acquaintance with

SICILIAN DOCTORS.

Shortly after our arrival at Messina, we were much alarmed at the serious illness of our English nurse: the symptoms were so urgent as to require immediate advice. When no English practitioner is to be obtained, the selection of a doctor is always a puzzling affair; we accordingly adopted the recommendation of the Consul, and had every reason to be satisfied with our medical adviser. The case was one of those inflammatory attacks which in warm climates gain ground so rapidly; so depletion was the order of the day. Surgeons do not exist in these parts: their duties are performed by the barber; who is consequently an individual of much more importance here than in England; and although acting under the medico, has often the assurance to assume half the credit of the cure. Our invalid was bled in the foot; which, after incision was made, they immersed in a basin of hot water; it

was then suffered to bleed without any attempt at measuring the copious stream which continued to flow. The doctor, however, watched the pulse, which served as an index. On inquiring after the operation as to the quantity of blood abstracted, he very coolly replied, he did not exactly know; "*Forse due o tre libbre*—Perhaps two or three pounds!" I must in common fairness add, that although these proceedings might have appeared unusual to us, we had no reason to complain—the mischief was arrested, and the patient slowly yet progressively recovered. The fees to medical men in Sicily are rather on a different scale to those we had hitherto been accustomed to pay. Half a dollar (about 2s. 6d.) is the charge of a visit; and even this is not unfrequently declined. A gentleman with a family told me that the sum he paid for medical advice was 4*l.* per annum, which was the rate of salary usually demanded. This mode of payment is generally adopted in preference to fees; and by no means a bad arrangement, as it is then the doctor's interest to cure his patient as soon as possible, and all jobbing is effectually prevented.

At Naples we find this sketch of

NEAPOLITAN PICKPOCKETS.

Neapolitan pickpockets are the most ingenious thieves imaginable. I defy any person to lounge up the Toledo, and not find himself minus a pocket-handkerchief, provided he walks as a gentleman usually does, without taking any extraordinary precautions. There is an establishment in the town for the instruction of young gentlemen in this species of sleight-of-hand. One qualification requisite for aspirants in the science is, that the third and fourth fingers should be of equal length; and in order to arrive at these proportions, the juvenile delinquent employs his spare time in straining out the muscles of the shorter finger. By this Procrustean operation they become better adapted for prehensiles, and an adept in his profession will even filch loose silver out of your pocket with an address and dexterity calculated to draw tears of admiration from the Artful Dodger himself.

Lastly, a few hints as to the

CLIMATE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

One word as to climate. Some aspects, even as far southward as Naples, are most treacherous. You have summer in one street and winter in another. I walked out one morning with the idea of June, and returned with the impression of December, with tears in my eyes from the cold cutting wind. Situation is everything here. A southern aspect and complete shelter from the Tramontana winds are indispensable. Exposed to these, an invalid may do better in England.

Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain. 2 vols. London, 1847.

THE lady to whose truly lady-like pen we are indebted for these volumes, was induced to try the climate of Oporto, in the year 1845, in search of health. There she resided for nine months, seeing all that was to be seen in the city, and roaming about the neighbourhood on horseback. From Oporto she proceeded to Lisbon, where she remained only a few weeks, and thence she made excursions to the various cities and towns that lie along the coast, and even ventured as far as Gibraltar, Seville, and Granada. She kept a diary, and noted her observations at the time, and they are given almost as they were written: hence a freshness of colour, a minuteness of drawing, and a buoyancy of spirit in the tone, never found in tours composed from the memory only; but, on the other hand, the errors of haste, the false first-impressions, the slovenliness of style, the discrepancies in facts and in feelings expressed, inseparable from the diary, but rarely visible in the formal pages of a narrative composed in the unfurled retirement of the study.

Whether there is enough of novelty of matter to justify the infliction upon the time and the purse of two volumes, may be fairly questioned. Our own opinion is, that the authoress has availed herself too largely of the privilege of her sex, and talked too much. She is diffuse

in her manner, using ten words to express what might have been more forcibly uttered in five. Nor does she sufficiently discriminate between different degrees of importance in the topics that offer themselves. There is a wide distinction between walking from Dan to Beersheba, and finding all barren, and giving the length, breadth and weight, the shape, colour, and qualities, or the reflections, moral, philosophical and scientific, of and upon every stick and stone one stumbles over by the way. A traveller's business is not to describe all he sees, but only what he sees characteristic of the country he is viewing. Our lady here has not this faculty, or cares not to exercise it; hence two volumes about that which may have been as well—nay, better, told in one.

Her advantages, and which form the special recommendation of her book, arise from the fact of having been an actual resident of some months in Oporto, and not a mere flitting visitor, coming in hot, tired, and dusty, rushing half cleaned to see the sights, hurrying from one to another as fast as step can move, glancing at church and street and picture for a moment, and then away to "something else;" and after five or six days of such laborious "pleasure," departing with the same breathless speed to the next town, to be seen in the same fashion, and returning home with the boasts of a traveller to describe the places and pass summary judgment upon the people, their manners, customs and habits, and the place, its monuments of art, science, and antiquity. Our lady of Lisbon is better and more to be relied upon than such as these. She *did* see what she has described—she *did* mingle with the people whose manners she paints—she *did* dwell long enough upon their works of art, and return to contemplate them often enough, to be enabled to note accurately, and form fair judgments. If she is diffuse, she is trustworthy. But it is time to let her speak for herself; and we must be more brief in extract than we should desire, for the volumes are borrowed, and therefore cannot be taken to pieces, to be distributed among the printers, as is necessary where several hands must be employed to complete an article in a limited time. First for a landscape:—

THE RIVER LIMA.

"May 27th.—We set off in a boat, at 8 A.M., accompanied by Senhor M——, down the delightful Lima. The sail was arranged over the centre of the boat as a coved awning, and under it was a couch already for J—— and me, and a basket with wine and cake, &c. Thus the attentions of our host and hostess were minutely thoughtful to the last. The sail protected us from the sun, without impeding our view. Two men, one at the head and the other at the stern, shoved the boat along with poles. The bed of the river is of soft clean sand, and abounds with shallows, through which the men are sometimes obliged to dig channels; though the flat boat in which we were, not drawing above half a foot of water, would probably seldom or never require such a clearance—at least, unless much more heavily freighted than it was now. At Bertendos, about two miles below Ponte de Lima, we observed a handsome quinta belonging to a fidalgo,—a stately house, with stone pinnacles, open galleries, square stone tower, battlemented, and standing within a grove of noble trees. We were told that it was occupied by lineal descendants of those Perceiras whom old Gil Vicente describes,

"They are thorough-bred nobles and good cavaliers,
Good defenders of right, if the cost be not theirs;
Full of zeal for the realm, both abroad and at home;
And, when once they are married, not given to roam.
But the women, the genuine pride of the race;
Oh, they are the women for beauty and grace!
No flowers are so lovely, no birds are so gay,
And a spell is in all that they do and they say."

At Passagens, a mile or two lower down, our worthy host took leave of us and mounted his horse. We could often perceive our own horses and mule, along the river side, leisurely wending towards the same point to which we were so pleasantly gliding. We too, however, were tempted to land at Veiga de Corilho, on the edge of a plain, three leagues in extent, well cultivated, and now alive with waving rye, nearly fit for the

sickle. This plain is backed by cone-shaped rocky hills. The river banks are more than fringed with oaks and olives: the old olive-trees thus intermingled with oaks by no means disfigure the landscape; the lichen-stained trunk is almost as picturesque as that of the time-silvered birch. Under the far-spread shade of the oaks we sauntered along for a mile or two, then took to the boat again. On a hill to the left is a pretty chapel, Nossa Senhora, da boa morte, 'Our lady of the good death;' and another, not far off, San Estevao da facha, 'St. Stephen of the torch.' On the right bank, we have passed the small white chapel of St. Christopher, on a grey rock; lower, the chapel of St. Justa. Yonder, on the left bank again, is Victorina, a hamlet, near the Casa dos Abreus Cotinhos, a mansion which was grossly abused a few years ago, and had all its furniture destroyed by the National Guard of Ponte de Lima, because Miguelite papers were found, or pretended to have been found there. But the 'little wars' of retaliation are never ended in Portugal. Miguelites and Pedrites, Humpbacks and Thumpedbacks, Chartists and Septembrists, &c. &c. for ever re-appear under some new nickname or other, and fight their little spites, and never fight them out; and so it will ever be, unless this fair region shall at last be blest with a strong and honest government. It is a pity that the noisome subject of Portuguese discords will obtrude itself every where, even on the Lima. But yonder are some men fish-spearing; better that than spearing each other. Just now we passed a group of fishers netting. As we glide along we are greeted, in mid-river, by men who are wading across with baskets on their heads—the first men that I have seen carrying burdens in that fashion; but hands and staff are needed here to steady them across the unequal shoal. Nightingales are in full song in the hazel and olive-copses with which the river margin is decorated as with hedgerows—"hardly hedgerows, little lines of sportive wood run wild." The distant cuckoos are calling to each other. Now we come upon a fleet of boats in full sail, for here is deeper water,—above twenty boats, and a very pretty fleet it is. They are working up from Viana to Ponte de Lima with bacalhao, &c. and empty pipes to fetch wine. Blue dragon-flies—blue, green, golden—are hovering over the water; and in the water is a kind of long delicate weed, that looks like seaweed, the finest, most beautiful that ever was seen; but it is the growth of the river sand, for there it has its root, and the long fibres wave and stream under the current with more life than the current itself, and look, indeed, like the tresses of some group of nymphs whom the silver sands have suddenly hidden at our approach, leaving nothing of them visible but their hair. The sky above and around is all bright azure—no, not all just now; for there are eiderdown-like clouds, with brown edges hovering over the mountains, which those white clouds darken, but not sadden, with their shadows. The men have now taken to their paddles, and we glide along against the breeze, if breeze it may be called, that comes so soft and so fragrant from the west, and need not "whisper whence it stole its balmy sweets," for yonder is the orchard it has been robbing—a grove of orange-trees and lemon-trees in flower. The hues of the slightly rippled and quite transparent river are now more beautiful than ever. As we look down through the water, the effect on the sandy bed is as if it was overlaid with a golden network of large open meshes. This is the reflection of the slightly-curved water, the edges of the little waves sparkling and dancing in the sun, and so on the light clean sand beneath. In some places the effect of the sun on the surface of the water is that of myriads of diamonds dancing. Almost all the way down, on both banks, except with such intervals as make an agreeable variety, by letting us into peeps at the fields, the river is luxuriantly edged, but not hedged, with brushwood; and the branches, not only of the olives and tall oaks already spoken of, but of this underwood, reach far over upon the stream in many places, and there, on the lithe twigs, the nightingales swing and sing. I saw some of them perched in this manner, while they sang against each other "with so merry a note." They were not so shy of being seen as nightingales usually are in England, where, though they seem to like a populous neighbourhood, they shun the eye of man or woman. Of the scores of these birds that I have heard at Richmond on Thames, at Woolwich, and other frequented places, I have seldom espied one, though, like Chaucer's *Lady of the Flower* and the *Leaf*, and many a time,

"I waited about busily
On every side, if I 'that bird' might see."

I suppose they are here unmolested by bird-snarers, and too happy to be suspicious. Within a league of Viana the tide comes up, and the river widens; we heard no more nightingales. On the left of the river, near Viana, is a hill, with its backbone bristled up with pines, a striking isolated object. We were almost sorry to arrive at Viana, so pleasant had been the passage down the Lima.

This is a lively description of

A VISIT TO A NUNNERY.

We rode back to Braga, and dismounted at a nunnery, at which the Lady Abbess, through Colonel P—— and the Conego, had invited us to drink tea. It was the Convento dos Remedios, the Franciscans, not the Ursuline, which is also a noted nunnery here. The Abbess, a stout elderly person of cheerful aspect, two old sisters, and three or four young nuns, one of them pretty, another witty, and all merry, gaily bade us welcome. We sat in the parlour, barred out from the nuns by a double fence, two gratings of iron about two yards apart, the inner one stronger and more closely grated than the outer, but both open enough to admit us to an easy view of the nuns' figures and features, as they sat in a semicircle opposite to us, as blithe and talkative as caged parrots, each range of bars being at least eight feet square. They gave us good tea, excellent sweetmeats, and flowers. The latter they divided amongst us, not without some arch allusion to "the language of flowers," which they seemed very well to understand. To J—— and me they presented the first bouquets and the choicest. To Mr. —— and Mr. H——, who were strangers also, they gave flowers which, I believe, had no meaning but that of an offering of common courtesy. To Major P—— and the Canon, both of whom bandied irony with them, they gave flowers intended to turn them into ridicule—which produced a good deal of laughter, and animated the merry warfare of words. The bouquets were passed by a young nun through the rundle, or little rotatory wicket at one corner; but never, when for a gentleman, without being first offered to the inspection of the Abbess, who always assented to their delivery without examining them. One of the young vestals went out, and returned with a bunch of flowers, which, after being thus held up to the Lady Abbess, for form's sake, were handed by this pretty religieuse to the Conego. Every blossom of which it was composed was a satire on him; so he gaily revenged himself by pretending to have found a *billet-doux* concealed within it. He affected to put it hastily in his pocket, and acted his part very well: but the Abbess was nothing discomposed by all this innocent rillery.

She paid a summer visit to Foz, the Margate or Brighton of Oporto. The scene at the close of the season is very amusing:—

A REMOVAL.

We were the last of the lingerers at the Foz. Portuguese and English had all returned to their homes by the end of October; gladly would we have remained through November, but the weather was so wild and boisterous, no St. Martin's summer this year, that we were fairly driven up to the city a fortnight sooner than we had intended.

How amusingly un-English was this removal! The house was not a house rented for the season, but belonged to our friend, and the furniture belonged to the house; and yet every article of furniture had to be removed to Oporto; and with the exception of two or three small waggon-loads of kitchen goods, mattresses, and such things as could not be injured by jolting, every thing was carried up by the *carreiras*. Between thirty and forty of these merry, laughing, joking girls, assembled themselves round the street-door early in the morning; and there they waited until they were admitted, about a dozen at a time, into the room where the several packages were arranged; and it was amusing to observe what a rush was made towards the burdens that looked the lightest or most convenient for transfer, and how quickly they were deserted for others if the hand discovered that the eye had proved a treacherous guide. After much good-humoured squabbling among themselves, and no little equally good-humoured rating on the part of their employer, at the delay occasioned by all this jabber and nonsense, each helped the other to raise the

load to her head; a ticket was given to each, which was to be shewn to the officer at the city-gate; and off the party went to make way for another: and the same scene was acted again and again till the house was cleared of every vestige of furniture. We staid to see the fun out, and then mounted our horses and rode up to the city.

We close with a sketch of

DECEMBER IN PORTUGAL.

In a few days our bright skies returned, and continued for weeks: the air, out of the sun, was colder than I had expected to find it in Portugal: and I often wondered how the camillas in our garden braved the keen clear air—trees, large as common sized Portugal laurels, covered with flowers of every shade, from the purest white to the richest crimson. The orange-groves, at this season laden with golden fruit, are truly gorgeous. The fields are as green as English fields in spring; lambs are sporting on the grass as they sport with us in April and May; primroses and violets spangle the steep banks of the more retired lanes. In the ever-green pine-woods herds of goats and flocks of sheep are grazing, tended by their picturesque and youthful goatherds and shepherdesses, frolicsome as the kids and lambs themselves. The sun, too, is so powerful, that, with all those vernal seemings, had it not been for certain leafless trees in the gardens and hedgerows, and the keen air out of the sun, I should have quite forgotten it was winter, as we pursued our daily rides, exploring, for three or four hours, every passable, and many almost impassable, roads for ten miles round Oporto.

Glimpses of the Old World; or, Excursions on the Continent and in Great Britain. By the late Rev. JOHN A. CLARK, D.D. Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, United States. 2 vols. Fourth edition. *With a Memoir of his Life.* By the Rev. S. H. TUNG, D.D. London, 1847: Bagster and Sons.

We regret that the appearance of *fourth edition* on the title-page forbids us to give to this publication the extended notice which its intrinsic merits deserve. But the rule is a righteous one, for otherwise we should have no space for new books, and many readers would weary of a repeated theme. Our present business is, therefore, limited to the placing its appearance upon record in this chronicle of English literature, and informing such of our readers as may chance not to be acquainted with them, that these are notes of an extended tour in Europe by the late Dr. CLARK, and are remarkable for accuracy of observation, liberality of sentiment, an appreciation of whatever is excellent, charity in the judgment of other nations—somewhat rare in American tourists, and only disturbed when theological and sectarian questions stir up such bile as was in him. He possesses the rare faculty of exciting a personal interest in his adventures, and the reader goes along with him more as a fellow-traveller than as listening to an after-told tale. These two volumes contain the most graphic picture of Europe—at least, of such parts of Europe as lie in the route of tourists—we have met with for many months. This new edition is handsomely printed, and will be an acceptable addition to the book-club, the shelves of the family book-case, and the libraries of public institutions.

FICTION.

A Picture-Book without Pictures. By HANS C. ANDERSEN. Translated by META TAYLOR. London: Bogue.

WHETHER the same or another translation we know not, but a few months since these delightful little pictures were noticed in THE CRITIC, and many extracts were made from them. But we cannot refrain from treating our readers with two or three more of them; and have only to say of this translation, that it is gracefully exe-

cuted, and the volume is printed and bound as prettily as becomes the delicacy of the word-paintings it enshrines. What poetry and what true child-thoughts are in this

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

The Moon spake. Beside the forest-path stand two cottages; their doors are low, the windows placed irregularly; whitethorn and barberries climb around them. The mossy roof is overgrown with yellow flowers and houseleek. In the little gardens are only cabbages and potatoes; but in the hedge stands a lilac-tree in blossom. Beneath it sat a little girl: her eyes were fixed upon the old oak-tree between the cottages, on whose tall and withered trunk, which is sawn off at the top, a stork has built its nest. He stood above, and rattled his bill. A little boy came out, and stood beside the girl: they were brother and sister. "What are you looking at?" he asked. "I am looking at the stork," she replied. "Granny told me that he will bring us a little brother this evening, or a little sister; and I am watching, that I may see it when it comes." "The stork brings nothing," said the boy; "trust me. Granny told me so too, but she was only joking; and then I asked her if she dared say so upon the Bible: no, she dared not do that, and I know well enough that what they say about the stork is only a story to please children." "But where, then, is the baby to come from?" said the girl. "Our Lord brings it," said the boy. "God has it under his mantle; but no one can see God, and therefore we cannot see that He brings it." The breeze stirred in the branches of the lilac-tree. The children folded their hands, and looked at one another: surely it was God, who had come with the little baby! and they took each other by the hand. The cottage door opened, and the grandmother called to them and said, "Come here, and see what the stork has brought you—a little brother!" The children nodded, as if they already knew that he had come.

What painting in

THE PUBLIC ROAD.

Along the seashore stretches a grove of oaks and beeches, fresh and fragrant, which a hundred nightingales visit with every return of spring. The road lies between this grove and the ocean. Carriages roll past, one after another, but I follow them not: my glance rests upon one spot—a soldier's grave. The blackberry and the sloe spring up between the stones. Here lives the poetry of nature: how thinkest thou man reads it? Listen, and I will tell you what I heard last evening and in the past night. First came two wealthy country-folks jogging along in their chaise. "Splendid trees those!" said one; "every tree would yield at least ten cart-loads of firewood: we shall have a hard winter. Last year, you remember, we got fourteen dollars a load." So saying they passed on. "What a dreadful road!" said another man, driving past in his carriage. "This all comes from the cursed trees," answered his companion: "the only inlet for the air is from the sea." They drove on. The diligence now came up: all the passengers were fast asleep, just in the most lovely part of the journey. The driver blew his horn; but he only thought to himself, "Very well blown—what a capital echo there is just here! but what do those sleepy folks inside care for it?" And the diligence disappeared. Then came two young lads, galloping along on horseback, with all the fire and spirit of youth. They, too, looked with a smile upon the moss-green hills and the dark thicket. "I should like well enough to be walking here with pretty Christina, the miller's daughter," said one; and off they rode. The flowers perfumed the air: every breath of wind was still: the ocean seemed, as it were, a part of the heaven, which overspanned the deep valley. A coach rolled past, in which were six persons. Four were asleep: the fifth was deep in thought, reflecting how his new summer coat would become him: the sixth popped his head out of the window, and turning to the coachman, asked whether there was any thing remarkable in the heap of stones by the roadside. "Why no," said the driver; "'tis nothing but a heap of stones; but the trees yonder—they are indeed worth looking at." "Tell me about them." "Ay, ay, they are remarkable if you will," said the man; "in the winter, when the snow is so deep that 'tis hard to keep to the right road, the trees are sign-posts to me, so that I am able to find my way, and avoid driving into the sea.

What say you now—are't they remarkable?" And so saying, he drove on. Now came a painter. His eyes sparkled, he spoke not a word, but only whistled to himself. The nightingales sang, one louder and more sweetly than another. "Hold your noise!" he exclaimed hastily. He was remarking attentively all the colours and tints in the landscape. "Blue, purple, dark brown: what a glorious picture this would make!" His mind received it all just as a mirror does a picture, and he whistled from time to time a march of Rossini's. The last who came was a poor maiden. She sat down to rest upon the soldier's grave, and laid her bundle on the ground. Her lovely, pallid face was inclined, as if listening, in the direction of the grove; her eye sparkled, as she raised it again over the ocean heavenward. Her hands were clasped. She prayed—repeating, I believe, the Lord's Prayer. She did not herself fully comprehend the feeling that pervaded her breast; but well do I know, that year after year that moment will in memory invest the scene around her with more beautiful—yea, and with richer hues, than the precise colours in which the artist painted it. My beams followed her, until the morning twilight kissed her brow.

And in this sketch of

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I looked in at the window of a newspaper Editor in a German town, said the Moon. The room was handsomely furnished, the shelves well lined with books, and a chaos of newspapers were scattered about. Several young men were in the room. The Editor himself stood at his desk, and before him lay two little books, both by anonymous authors, which were to be reviewed. "Here is a book that has been sent me," said he: "I have not yet read it, but 'tis prettily got up; what say you to its contents?" "Why," replied one of the young men, who was himself a poet, "all very good, with the exception of some few things; but then, good Lord! he is only a young man. 'Tis true the verses might be improved; the ideas are sound enough,—pity only that they are so commonplace! But what say you? We cannot always expect originality. You may perhaps give him a lift, but in my opinion it is clear that he will never be anything great as a poet. Still he has read a good deal, he is an oriental scholar, and shews very fair critical powers; it was he who wrote the pretty review of my 'Life in the Present Day.' After all, we must make allowance for a young author." "Nay, but he is a downright ass," said another gentleman in the room. "In poetry nothing is worse than mediocrity; depend on it, he will never rise any higher." "Poor devil!" said a third. "And yet his aunt is so proud of him,—the lady, Mr. Editor, who got the list of subscribers to your last volume of translations." "Excellent woman! Well, I have given just a brief notice of the book:—unquestionable talent—a welcome gift—a flower in the garden of poetry—well got up, &c. But now for the other book; I suppose I shall have to purchase that. I have heard it praised: the author has genius—eh?" "Why, so everybody says," replied the poet: "but it is wild and unpolished. His punctuation, to be sure, is full of genius. Trust me, it will do him good to be sharply handled; he gets far too high notions of himself." "Nay, nay, you are unjust," interrupted a fourth. "Do not let us carp at trifles, but rather find pleasure in what is good, and really there is much here to praise; he writes better than all the rest put together." "Heaven help him! if he is such a mighty genius, he may very well bear a sharp corrective. There are folks enough to extol him in private; don't let us drive him mad with flattery." The Editor resumed his pen and wrote:—"Evident talent—usual negligence here and there—shews that he can write bad verses as well as good—see page twenty-five, where there are two hiatus—we recommend to him the study of the classics," &c. I passed on, said the Moon, and peeped through the window of the aunt's house. There sat the honoured poet—the tame one, I mean—receiving the homage of all the guests; and he was happy. I sought the other poet—the wild one. He likewise was in a large assembly, and he too had his patron. His rival's book was the theme of conversation. "I shall, some time or other, read your poems," said the Mæcenas; "but to speak honestly—you know I never say otherwise than I think—I do not expect much from them. You are in my opinion too wild, too fanciful. But as a man, I have nothing to say—you are highly respectable." A young

girl sat in a corner, reading a book:—"The glory of beauty shall be trodden in the dust: the works of the dust shall glory in their shame. It is an old story, and yet daily new!"

What a story is revealed in these few lines of

THE POOR ACTOR.

I looked down upon a spacious theatre, said the Moon. The house was filled with spectators, for a new actor made his first appearance. My beam glided through a narrow window in the wall; a rouged face was pressed against the panes: it was the hero of the evening. The knightly beard curled about his chin, but tears stood in the man's eyes, for he had been hissed from the stage, and hissed indeed with reason. Poor fellow! but as times go, nothing that is *poor* meets with tolerance in the realm of art. He had deep feeling, and loved art enthusiastically; but art did not return his love. The manager's bell again tinkled. In his part occurred these words: "Boldly and valiantly the hero advances." He had to advance indeed—before an audience, to whom he was the butt of ridicule. When the piece was ended, I saw a man, wrapped in a cloak, steal down the stairs; it was he—the condemned actor of the evening. The scene-shifters were whispering together. I followed the poor sinner to his garret. To hang oneself is an unseemly death, and poison is not always at hand. He was thinking of both. He looked at his pallid face in the glass, and peeped through his half-closed eyelids, to see whether he should look well as a corpse. A man may be most unhappy and at the same time most affected. He thought of death—of suicide; I verily believe he even bewept his own death. He wept bitterly; and when a man has wept till he can weep no more, he no longer thinks of killing himself. A year had passed, and again a play was acted, but upon a small stage, and by a company of poor itinerant players. Again I saw the well-known face, the rouged cheeks, the curling beard. Again he looked up at me, and smiled; and yet he had once more been hissed from the stage—hissed scarcely the minute before—hissed, too, upon a miserable stage, and by a mean and sorry audience. That same evening a wretched hearse drove out of the gate of the town; no vehicle followed. It was the body of a suicide—it was our poor rouged and whiskered hero. The driver on the box was the only attendant; none followed—none, but the Moon alone. In a corner by the churchyard wall the suicide lies buried; nettles will soon grow over the spot, and the grave-digger will fling upon it the weeds and thorns which he roots out from the other graves.

The Cardinal's Daughter: a Novel. By the late ROBERT M. DANIEL, Author of "The Scottish Heiress," &c. 3 vols. London: Newby.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to this work. Its author has passed away from a world which was to him one of toil and struggle, although of triumph achieved, and his ear is closed alike against the praises and censures of criticism. It is therefore only by way of guidance to readers and purchasers that it is needful now to pass an opinion upon its merits, and we are glad to be able to give judgment in its favour.

MR. DANIEL'S former novels were characterised by a certain vigour of conception and felicity of composition that made them popular in spite of some manifest defects. This posthumous publication exhibits the same excellencies, with fewer of those defects; but it bears evident marks of the absence of the author's correcting hand. It has been given to the press with all its imperfections on its head, as it came from his desk before revision had removed the unavoidable errors of speedy writing, and judgment had been engaged in the tedious but necessary "art of blotting." But if it have the faults of fast composition, it possesses also its fluency and ease, the freshness of fancy and aptness of language attendant on writing because one is in the mood for it, and which is barely found in composition "made to order."

The *Cardinal's Daughter* is an historical novel; the period is the reign of the Eighth HARRY, and among the personages who figure in it most prominently are

Cardinal WOLSEY, Queen KATHERINE, ANNE BOLEYN, and the bluff monarch himself. The story is ingeniously plotted, exciting an interest at the very beginning which is sustained to the end without flagging for an instant. The incidents are not so thronged as to be confused, nor so spun out as to be tedious, in this respect avoiding the fault of AINSWORTH on the one hand, and of COOPER on the other. The dialogues also are sustained with spirit, being short, sententious, and dramatic; talking rather than declaiming; and in vividness of description, we have read few recent fictions superior to this.

We will not do the author the injustice of destroying the interest of his romance by anticipating the plot; but we can commend it, with confidence of approval, to be added to the reader's list of "new novels."

Jack Ariel; or, Life on Board an Indiaman. By the Author of "The Post Captain," &c. 3 vols. London, 1847: Newby.

IN the guise of a fiction the author of *Jack Ariel* details his experiences of naval life as it exists on board an indiaman. This, therefore, is a novel of the same class as "Tom Cringle's Log," "The Life of a Sailor," and other popular works, nor is it likely to be a less favourite with the public than any of its predecessors. The novels nicknamed fashionable, the ultra-romances,—the tales of the Werter school, and even those of the highwayman species, enjoy but temporary favour; the appetite for them is soon palled, and at length they disgust instead of pleasing. The reason is, that they are not true to nature; they are the exaggerated and disjointed creations of a dream, and do not bear to be reviewed in broad daylight, amid the realities by which we are surrounded. Far otherwise is it with such novels as *Jack Ariel*. They are at once fictions, and no fictions. The plot is fanciful, but the places, the sayings and doings, the sentiments, the dialogues, probably even the characters, are all real. We cannot read of them or think of them afterwards as mere imaginations. They live in the memory like the faces of old familiar friends with whom we had talked and laughed, and from whose very lips had come the narratives of the adventures over which we had wept and smiled by turns.

Thus is it with *Jack Ariel*. We care nothing for the plot; we cannot look upon it as a fiction; we must not criticise it as a novel. It is a tale of pleasures and perils by sea and land veritably encountered by the narrator, not in the same manner, perhaps, nor in the same order of time, but having an actual existence, told with infinite spirit, interspersed with bursts of broad humour and touches of profound pathos, such as genius only can command, and which place the author high among the descriptive and dramatic writers of the age.

From this account of it, the reader will perceive that it is a book to be exhibited rather than to be described. The author's manner may be shewn by a few extracts, but only a perusal will manifest all his merits. To those extracts it will be unnecessary to add ought save a hearty recommendation of *Jack Ariel* to the circulating libraries to buy and to their patrons to borrow.

Let the following bear witness to the justice of these commendations. First, we take the chapter entitled

THE TRADE WINDS.

As the sun went down, we made the islands of Gomerez and Palma, a part of the small archipelago of the Canaries. In the night we lost sight of them, and when the day dawned again upon us, there was no land visible. We crossed the Tropic of Cancer at the meridian of twenty degrees, estimating it from the Observatory at Greenwich—and Amphion never called around him with his harp the number of fish that our gallant ship attracted, as she brightened her copper gliding through the waters of the blue deep, with all the canvas open to the breeze that the wide yards and the projecting booms

would spread. The minds of all familiar with the starry sky of the tropical seas recurred to it with exquisite feelings. During the day a haze often prevails, but the nights are always lovely. It seems to be the office of the moon in these regions to dissipate the vapours. No spectacle can be imagined more beautiful than that of her rising. The presence of the orb of night is the signal for the heavens to unveil their charms, and the ocean rejoices as it catches the lustre. It was not till the nightly sky of the tropical regions came under the observation of Baron Humboldt that any adequate notion was conveyed of its transcendent beauty. The azure of heaven is reflected from his picture, and we are haunted ever afterwards by the constellation of the cross. He has the power which only great writers possess—to make us partake of his emotions. We share with him his melancholy when, beholding the pole-star depressed to the horizon, he finds himself far from his cares, and become the inhabitant of a remote region under new celestial aspects. The sky, where he explores it, acquires a pathos, and the waters around his bark are lulled with the music of the sweetest and tenderest expressions of thought. There cannot be, perhaps, a happier instance adduced of a description of night at sea beneath a bright tropical sky than in the recollections embodied by Baron Humboldt of his voyage to South America. Yet it is singular that, with a spirit for observation, quickened by every object in life and nature around him, there should be one thing wanting to complete the picture. He has left out the tropic bird, that charming winged wanderer from his home on the rocky insular shore, which accompanies the ship in her steady course through the unruffled deep, not only during the day, but when night throws a beautifully subdued tint on the solemn scene, keeping pace with the careering bark in its sustained graceful flight, and rivalling in its snowy plumage the foam of the breaking billow.

The cross of the south has been embellished by this pleasing writer's description. The deep solitude of the ocean brought, with his view of it, melancholy thoughts, and the sweetness and the sorrow that he breathes around him has made the constellation not only fair to the eye, but touching to the heart. He, however, writes for effect, when he makes it the time-piece of his guides in the places of Venezuela. "Midnight is come, the cross begins to bend!" This reads well in the narrative, but we have a sort of lurking distrust of its truth. No constellation not included in the circle of perpetual apparition can come to the meridian at midnight more than once in a year; and it were absurd to suppose an untutored peasant of any country capable of making an allowance, night after night, for the acceleration of the fixed stars.

"Quæcumque ostendis sic, incredulus odi."

Sunset in the torrid zone has beauties peculiarly its own. Bernadin de Saint Pierre has made an elaborate description of this gorgeous spectacle; but in his accumulation of epithets, he conveys no distinct idea of the point to be seized by the painter, when the variegated clouds, fringed with a golden hue that hover over the horizon, acquire a deeper tint from the descent of the luminary, and, fluctuating beautifully, are confounded into a sheet of living flame, the semblance of a huge and burning beacon. In our approach to the equator we were often becalmed for a whole day, when time seemed to move as slowly as our ship. The nabob, without any regular occupation, and who has nothing to do but to pace the quarter-deck, experienced the ennui of the prisoner of Vincennes, whose walk was restricted to the terrace of his dungeon. The doctor found a refuge in books—in those authors whose mild philosophy sustained his own. The captain had business enough with his chart of the Indian ocean; and the mates, as the thermometer rose, seemed to take greater latitude in their jests upon the poor civilians. There were times when the nabob, shaking off his lassitude, like a dew-drop from a lion's mane, would suddenly surprise the doctor with the outbreak of an exalted feeling. He was, indeed, Mackenzie's man of feeling, without any of his twaddle. Nothing disposes the mind more to reverie than the banks of a stream or the bulwark of a ship. There is, perhaps, a local advantage in the running river; for when ruminating on board we are exposed to interruptions. You may be standing or reclining in the way of the captain of the after-guard, who calling out "Stand clear there!" throws down from off a belaying-pin a monstrous heavy coil of the cross-jack brace.

Of the sentiments uttered by the nabob I shall record one for the emolument of my readers.—"The mind acquires greatness from a sea-voyage—a loftiness of feeling which a journey on land cannot confer. Every petty passion of the breast is swallowed up in the immensity of the ocean. I could here embrace the man who sorely offended me on shore." "Thodomantade, my dear shipmate," cried the doctor, to whom the nabob had addressed his discourse, "such stuff would not have gone down with Doctor Johnson; and I received my education in the school of Bolt-court." "Doctor," said the nabob, with characteristic versatility of mind, "did you ever dissect the head of a politician?" "Yes; and in examining the several ducts that lead to the tongue, I detected numberless small traces of arguments, which had passed through that vehicle of tergiversation, sometimes tending to uphold, and sometimes to combat a principle, according to the exigence of a particular sop required." "Did you examine the politician's heart?" "When I laid open the heart of the politician, I involuntarily recoiled at the corruption that issued from it. The stench was insufferable. It was necessary to throw open the doors and windows of the dissecting-room. Being, however, desirous to examine the *musculi patriæ*, or the muscles that incline the hearts of men to the love of their country, I searched every cranny with the nicest attention, but they were invisible, though I made use of my microscope; I could not find the smallest vestige of honour or honesty in the whole, or any part, of the patriotic muscles of the subject. Yet his funeral obsequies were a national concern; he was borne in solemn pomp to Westminster Abbey." With this sort of refined persiflage the good old doctor charmed away the ennui of the nabob during the tedious calms of the low latitudes.

Now for a description of the

INTERIOR OF AN INDIAMAN.

I am not acquainted with any nautical novel that exhibits the interior of an Indianan. *Newton Forster* professes to do it in the title-page, but there is nothing in the book, as it relates to the habits of the crew, drawn and coloured after life, so as to give the description that nicety which can alone fit it for the inferences of reason.—An East-Indianan, for the defence of her valuable cargo, has a tier of ports, the range of the main deck, where berths are allotted to the crew, each berth receiving light through the port-hole, when the weather is fine enough to allow the port-lid to be kept up. In a gale of wind, the port-lid is lowered and closed, to exclude the seas that would otherwise intrude, and the hatchways being likewise covered, the deck in its whole length has a dreary aspect. Few of the sailors are stirring, and those who have had the preceding night two skulks in the lee-scuppers may be seen in their hammocks, swinging to the roll of the ship, and fetching up their lee-way in a deep dreamless sleep. A silence prevails fore and aft, interrupted only by the uproar of the hogs in the manger, as the ship, plunging her bows in the water, admits, in righting, a deluge at the hawse-holes, and sets the whole troop afloat. During the fair wind, on the contrary, the deck is all sunshine and cheerfulness, and every berth is found occupied by its nautical tenants, about six in number, variously employed. The furniture of a berth is composed of a chest of large dimensions, placed in the middle of it, and securely lashed to cleats nailed to the deck to keep the moveables from fetching away. This serves the purpose of a mess-table, and about it smaller chests are arranged, which supply convenient seats. The utensils of the *petit ménage* are stowed away on shelves, and consist of pewter dishes and plates, wooden bowls and platters, soup and grog kides, crockery and tin ware. The intervals between the shelves exhibit often the luxury of pictures, whose subjects are in keeping with the genius of the spot, an indication of Jack's susceptibility; such as sweet, innocent Didos, weeping, fainting, and raving on the sea-shore, as the departing ship is spreading her canvas to the gale. These masterpieces are hung up in painted deal frames.

The watch below will be found seated at their different occupations, one man patching a hole in the sleeve of a check-shirt, another placed opposite a triangular mirror, with a razor in his hand, taking off his muzzel-lashing, and a third on his feet standing behind a comrade trimming his hair, with the stipulation of "a tie for tie, and d—n all favours." Amidst

these pursuits an individual may be seen flourishing a rope's end, and teaching his monkey to salaam with oriental elegance, unmoved by his pathetic cries and supplicating gestures. From the examination of the sailors' berths, the attention of the stranger is awakened to the immense bulk of the ship, impressed on the imagination by her great length of keel and breadth of beam. There is no parallel to such a vessel in the commercial republics of the middle ages. In her vast capacity she would have hoisted in with her yard and stay tackles, and stowed away on her booms, the flag-ship of the Venetian fleet, or the crack argosy of the gulf of Genoa. I called on the nabob, according to appointment, at seven bells, and found him in his cabin, a fac simile of the boudoir of Houghton. The port-hole being closed, the room was lighted by a Grecian lamp of the purest alabaster suspended from the ship's beam, gorgeous with golden rococo, and revealing underneath it a rosewood round table covered with books and pamphlets. He was seated in an arm-chair reading at the table, in a figured robe-de-chambre, with his feet carelessly slipped into silken slippers wrought in the looms of Persia. On the back of his chair was perched a green parrot, who in tact surpassed Ver-vert, for at my entrance he must have detected me to be a sailor by his ordering me a glass of grog, for such was virtually implied in his instant call of "All hands to splice the main-brace! tumble up! tumble up!" I was going to caress him, when the nabob desired me to take heedful note that he was armed with a sharp beak. The buhl-pendule on a marble slab struck twelve, chiming forth the air of "La belle Gabrielle," when, looking at his gold watch, superb with seals, arms, crests, and cipher, he rang the silver bell on the table for his turbaned page. Having performed his toilette, he took my arm, and we proceeded along the larboard side of the deck to the galley, my rough blue jacket and check shirt contrasting ludicrously with his rich embroidered coat, and the exquisite ultraism of his linen, displayed in a profusion of chitterlins and ruffles that descended even to the extremity of his fingers.

On arriving at the galley, or ship's kitchen, we found Sambo and Charley in the act of lifting off the lid of the coppers, over the rim of which depended the tallies of every mess, each tally consisting of about half a yard of whipcord with one end tied to a piece of mess-pork, deposited in the boiling water of the huge coppers, and the other extremity hanging over the rim, exposed to view, with a bit of carved wood attached to it. A sailor from each mess was standing at the coppers with a large wooden bowl in his hands waiting for his whack or allowance of salt meat; and as soon as the piping of the boat-swain was heard from the booms, the cook, armed with his tormentors, or prong, fished out to the applicants in succession their respective mess-pieces of junk, recognised, without confusion, by their tallies. The *batterie de cuisine* was very simple. Its chief implement was the cook's tormentors, or triple-prong, to hook up the mess-meat in the coppers.

"Well, Sambo," said the nabob, addressing kindly the black cook, "I find you here, and hard at work." "Yes, good massa," replied the negro, respectfully pulling the forelock of his woolly brow, and scraping a reverence, "all that is left of me." "And you, Charley, how do you come on? How do you find yourself after your splashing on crossing the line?" "Your honour, for many years I laboured under an oppression of the chest, but the warm bath they gave me in the boat on the booms entirely cured me." "Beg pardon, sir," said a tall, slender figure, accosting the nabob with a Cockney voice, "but your face is familiar to me. I once, if I mistake not, had the honour to sit with you in the same box at the hoperer." "At the opera, sir!" said the nabob, measuring the interlocutor with a look of indignant surprise. "Yes, sir, at the hoperer of Hartexerxes." "Sir, I have always held operas in disgust." "Beg pardon, sir, for the error. It was at Covent Garden Theatre, the first night that Hincledon made his appearance on a London stage. You hencored Mrs. Gordon in the after-piece, in the song of 'Fly, soft hidears, fly!' A hexcellent actress that!—Always took tickets and a front row in the second boxes for her benefit." The cool effrontery of the Cockney riveted the nabob to the deck in mute surprise—

"Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit."

Horace was not more taken aback when the impertinent fellow ran up to him and seized his hand, as he was taking his after-

noon's walk along the Via Sacra of Rome; and I candidly confess that I was actuated with the same spirit as Fuscus Aristius who accidentally came across them; for I enjoyed my friend's embarrassment. Oh! how I averted my face to conceal my laughter as the nabob stood petrified! He had recovered the use of his faculties so as to be able to say to me in an under tone, "How d—d provoking!"—when the cook was heard to exclaim—"Dick Diaper, why you no come, you hard-up tailor, for your pork and peas-soup?" "Why, Sambo," said simple Charley, "you must surely be three-cloths in the wind to call a gentleman a hard-up tailor." "How you talk, Charley!" rejoined Sambo. "I, poor nigger, glad always for see gentleman at my coppers, make Sambo too proud berry much, but dat spare top-gallant-mast of a fellow never was, and neber will be one. You, Dick Diaper! why you no bear a hand when your betters call you?" "Do you hear that, Jack Ariel?" "Hem, hem," articulated the nabob, "what an incident to put in the log-book of to-day!"

POETRY.

Poems and Songs. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. With an Introduction, Glossary, and Notes, by his Son, PETER CUNNINGHAM. 1847.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was one of the uneducated poets of whom Scotland has been so fruitful. He was first discovered by CROMEK, in his researches after the old poetry of Scotland. He was then a working stonemason. ALLAN promised to help the *littérateur* in his pursuit; and while doing so, was tempted to play a trick upon him by writing a poem and passing it upon the collector as a relic. He tried his hand at verse, and so much to his satisfaction, that he wrote, not one, but many "Remains" for his correspondent. ALLAN came to London to assist in revising CROMEK's volume, but with characteristic prudence, instead of depending upon his pen for bread, hired his chisel to the sculptor as the source of livelihood, and wrote to supply the comforts of existence. He arrived in London on the day Sir F. BURDETT was sent to the Tower. He

Made his way (wondering as he went) to Cromek's house, No. 64, Newman street, where he was lodged till the Nithsdale and Galloway volume was fairly through the printer's hands. Though Cromek drew largely on his young friend for notes and illustrations, it was not long before the work was ready; and my father, quitting Mr. Cromek's house, sought employment as a mason in some of the studios in London. This he soon obtained; and he was working with Bubb the sculptor on six-and-twenty shillings a week, when in November 1810 the Nithsdale and Galloway volume was published by Cadell and Davies in the Strand. It really is a handsome volume: the printing is in Bensley's best manner, the paper excellent, and on the title-page is a clever woodcut by Clennell, from a design by Stothard. The volume was well received; critics in conversation spoke of the exquisite lyrics which their accomplished and fortunate friend had picked up in the hitherto barren regions of Nithsdale and Galloway; and the reviewers, following in the same strain, bore testimony to the natural truth and elegance of many of the smaller pieces. No one suspected a cheat; Cromek's reputation (through the "Reliques" and the "Select Scottish Songs") seemed sufficient security against that; and as for the mason mentioned in the introduction, no one could suspect for a moment that he could have written any thing at least one-half as good.

But the forgery did not escape the keen eye of Professor WILSON, who discovered the modern hand, and lavished upon its ability so much praise that the author was speedily lifted into reputation, and encouraged to cultivate the talent thus revealed.

But it had another effect, perhaps unknown to its celebrated writer. It was the means of inducing the poet, whose youthful verses it commends so highly, to resume his pen. Nine years had elapsed since the publication of Cromek's volume, and in that period he had written little or nothing beyond a single lyric. His reputation was now established,

and booksellers called and solicited him to write. The result is well known; some thirty volumes, at the least, of works, and ample materials for perhaps ten more.

The morality of the proceeding is more than questionable. ALLAN must have felt some qualms of conscience when he remembered how he had rewarded the friendship of CROMER, who really was interested in him, as appears by the following letter:—

"To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

"28th March, 1810.

"My dear Allan,—I have received by this day's mail the welcome news of your intended departure from Dumfries. My family rejoice most heartily with me. The firing of the Park and Tower guns announcing a grand victory would not have interested any of us *half as much*. I am very glad you shewed the volume to Mrs. Copland and her niece; and from what you say, I am also happy that the printing has only just begun, and shall stop the press till I see you. I hope to receive the volume by to-morrow's mail; and be assured I shall hold your pencil-marks most sacred. One of the luckiest things that could have happened was the late visit from Mr. Grahame; the work will derive infinite advantage from his remarks. He augurs it a most warm reception from the public. But when you come, and when we lay our heads together, I am certain several things will be added, and others materially improved. Now for your *amphibious* journey. I advise you not to stop at Edinburgh at all; and as I know you will take this counsel, I have not enclosed a letter—except, on second thoughts, you *must* call for a moment on Mrs. Fletcher; and in case she should not be in town, and to guard against the carelessness of servants, write your name on a slip of paper, and leave it with the message that you were passing through Edinburgh to London. If you see her, say you are coming to me on a visit; and make my kindest respects to her. Then proceed to Leith, and stay all night at an inn; don't attempt to come in any part of the ship except the principal cabin on *any account*. I mention this, because from some mistaken idea of saving a guinea, you may suffer much personal inconvenience. Keep as much on the deck as possible.

"R. H. C."

Another letter is in an equally kindly spirit:—

"To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

"64, Newmarket-street, 27th Oct. 1804.

"Thank you, very very kindly, my good Allan, for your interesting letter, and the very fine poem it contained. Your *short but sweet* criticism on this wonderful performance supersedes the necessity of my saying a word more in its praise. I must, however, just remark that I do not know anything more touching, more simply pathetic in the whole range of Scottish song. Pray what d'ye think of its age? I am of opinion from the *dialect*, that it is the production of a Border Minstrel; though not of one who has "full *ninety* winters seen." In *old Ballads*, *abstract ideas* are rarely meddled with—an old minstrel would not have personified 'Gudeness,' nor do I think he would have used compound epithets 'death-cold,' 'death-shut ee,' &c.; much less would he have introduced the epithet 'calm' as it is applied in this song. A bard of the olden time would have said a *calm sea*, a *calm night*, and such like. The epithet 'Fell' ('Fell Time' in the last line of the 7th verse) is a word almost exclusively used by *mere cold-blooded classic* poets, not by the poets of Nature, and it certainly has crept into the present song through the ignorance of reciters. We *must* remove it, and its removal must *not* be mentioned. We'll bury it 'in the family vault of all the Capulets.' 'Ye're owre pure'—I do not recollect the word 'pure' in old or indeed in modern Scotch ballads; but it may pass muster. I have read these verses to my old mother, my wife, sister, and family, till *all our hearts ache*. The last verse of 'Bonny Lady Anne' contains a fine sentiment. The Jacobite songs will be a great acquisition. I am pretty sure that among us we shall produce a book of consequence and interest. I have now arranged the plan of publication. I shall place Burns and his remarks with the songs remarked on at the front of the battle. These Songs will afford hints for many notes, &c. You and I will then come forward with our budget in an appendix introduced with some remarks on Scottish Song, which *I much wish* you would try your hand at. I think you will succeed

in this much better than myself. I would then conclude the book with a selection of principally old Songs and Ballads, from *Johnson's Musical Museum*. This selection will consist of about five-and-twenty or thirty of the best songs, which lay buried alive amid the rubbish of that heterogeneous mass."

Subsequently ALLAN entered the workshop of CHANTREY, the sculptor, and continued in his service for the rest of his life.

This collection of his songs and minor poems will be acceptable to his friends; but we must confess that we do not see in them the merit that should have entitled their author to the prominent place he filled in the literature of his day. Taken out of Scotch and "done into" English, and they would appear, for the most part, very common-place in sentiment and idea. The best are the forgeries, and, strange to say, they are the most natural—the freshest and least laboured. He succeeds best in his lighter strains. We present a specimen of each. These are from the *Imitations of Old Ballads*—the spurious relics.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwell in heaven:
"Ye're owre pure," quo' the voice o' God,
"For dwelling out o' heaven!"

O what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what 'll she do in heaven?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But tuke gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
That sang the evening Psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine;
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

And we may add, as another favourable specimen of these,

BONNY LADY ANNE.

There's kames o' hinney 'tween my love's lips,
An' gowd amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holic veil:
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' love dare span
The hinney lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Anne?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But gentle lip, nor simple lip,
Maun touch her lady mou;
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waist maun span.
O, she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Lady Anne!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers
 Tied up with silver thread,
 An' comely sits she in the midst,
 Men's longing een to feed,
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
 Wi' her milky, milky han',
 An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
 My bonnie Lady Anne!

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,
 Like my love's broider'd cap,
 An' on the mantle which my love wears
 Is monie a gowden drap.
 Her bonnie eebree's a holic arch
 Cast by nae earthly han',
 An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
 O' my bonnie Lady Anne!

I am her father's gard'ner lad,
 An' poor, poor is my fa';
 My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:
 But my Lady comes, my Lady gaes
 Wi' a fou and a kindly han';
 O, the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my love,
 An' fa' on Lady Anne!

Of his lighter strains this is one of the happiest:—

A FAREWELL TO DALSWINTON.
 "A cot, a kale-yard, and a cow,"
 Said fair Dalswinton's lady,
 "Are thine;" and so the Muse began
 To make her dwelling ready.
 She rear'd her walls, she laid her floors,
 And finis'd roof and rafter;
 But looking on her handy-work
 She scarce refrained from laughter.
 A cot sketch'd from some fairy's dream,
 In fancy's strangest tinting,
 Would mock the beauteous banks and streams
 Of thee, my loved Dalswinton!

When I look, lady, on thy hand,
 It fills my soul with gladness,
 Till I think on my youthful days,
 And then I sink in sadness.
 With mind unfurnish'd with an aim
 Among your groves I wander'd,
 And dreaming much, and doing nought,
 My golden hours I squander'd;
 Or follow'd Folly's meteor light,
 Oft till the sun came glintin',
 And seem'd to say, 'Tis for thy sake
 I shine, my sweet Dalswinton!

There stands the hill where first I roam'd,
 Before the Muse had own'd me;
 There is the glen where first she wove
 Her web of witchcraft round me:
 The wizard-tree, the haunted stream,
 Where in my waking slumbers
 Fair fruitful Fancy on my soul
 Pour'd fast her flowing numbers.
 Dalswinton-hill, Dalswinton-holm,
 And Nith, thou gentle river,
 Rise in my heart, flow in my soul,
 And dwell with me for ever.

My father's feet seem on thy braes,
 And on each haugh and hollow;
 I grow a child again, and seem
 His manly steps to follow:
 Now on the spot where glad he sat,
 As bright our hearth was blazing,
 The gowans grow, the harebells blow,
 And fleecy flock's are grazing.
 Farewell Dalswinton's bill and grove,
 Farewell, too, its lady fair;
 I think on all when far I rove
 By vale and woodland shady.

Farewell thy flowers in whose rich bloom
 The honey-bees are swarming;
 Farewell thy woods, with every smell,
 And every sound that's charming;
 Farewell thy banks of golden broom,
 The hills with fox-gloves glowing,
 The ring-dove haunts, where fairy streams
 Are in their music flowing.
 Farewell thy hill, farewell thy halls,
 Dark fate to me is hinting,
 I've seen the last I e'er shall see
 Of thee, my sweet Dalswinton!

We conclude with the concluding words of the brief Memoir prefixed:—

The author of the following poems and songs was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784; and dying in London on the 29th of October, 1842, was buried in the General Cemetery at Kensal Green, where his grave is marked by a tomb of solid granite erected by his widow and five surviving children.

EDUCATION.

The Eton Latin Grammar of Dean Colet and Erasmus. A New Edition. By GEO. B. WHEELER. Tegg. A COPIOUS Latin grammar written in English, and in other respects a vast improvement on the absurd production, professing to emanate from Eton, with which children were mystified in our young days.

The Elementary Reader, German and English; based upon the Affinity of the Languages. To accompany Ollendorf's Method. By IGNACE STEINER. London and New York: Wiley and Putnam.

THE design of this work is excellent, and an improvement upon that of OLLENDORF, to which, however, it is an accompaniment only, but for which it does not assume to offer itself as a substitute. It is based upon the affinity of the German and English languages, as affording the easiest and most natural steps by which a learner may advance from one to the other. Beginning with the words that are almost identical, it proceeds step by step to those which have similarities, gradually introducing a few words that have no resemblance. The exercises have an interlineal translation, in which the English is literally rendered into German, so as to shew the *idiom* of the latter language; and there is also a full and corrected English translation, by comparison with which the learner acquires easily a familiarity with the points in which the structure and idioms of the two languages agree and differ. Beginning with short sentences, the exercises advance to long ones, and the work concludes with extracts from the German classics.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this volume an invaluable acquisition to all who desire to learn the German language.

RELIGION.

The Pilgrimage: how God was found of him that sought him not; or, Rationalism in the Bud, the Blade, and the Ear. A Tale for our Times. Translated from the German of C. A. Wildenhahn. By MRS. STANLEY CARR. Edinburgh, 1847: Oliver and Boyd.

A CONTROVERSIAL fiction. Our readers are aware that a book of this class has never come under the notice of THE CRITIC, but that we have repeated our aversion to the design, whatever the intrinsic merits of the publication as a narrative or as a composition. We must reiterate the objection on the present occasion, and for the same reason. *The Pilgrimage* is a novel designed to combat certain religious opinions prevalent in Germany. We do not approve of those tenets, and are always glad to see them vigorously combated. But we are for fighting all battles with fair weapons, not merely for justice-sake but as a matter of policy. The same wrong we practise to day against those who differ from us may to-morrow be practised against ourselves, and having set the example we are not afterwards entitled to complain. The mischief of controversial fictions is that, once sanctioned, they can be turned to any purpose, and made equally powerful in the advancement of wrong as of right—of error as of truth. Their very object is not to convince the reason, but to influence the feelings, to excite a prejudice in favour of certain opinions and against certain other

opinions; and this is done, not by proving argumentatively that the former are right, and the latter wrong; but by depicting the holders of the one as good people, and the holders of the other as wicked people, and so to impress the reader with an idea that their relative truth or falsehood is shewn by their relative effects upon the character.

This would be a very proper proceeding if only actual occurrences were narrated, for such a fact would be in itself a powerful argument. But far different is it when resort is had to fiction. There the story is made purposely to hit the writer's object, and with ordinary dexterity it can scarcely fail of the mark. But the same thing may be done with equal ease against the loftiest truths. Christianity might be written down as readily as rationalism, if a fiction is to be acknowledged as a legitimate weapon, and a plot substituted for an argument. Therefore because we dread its application to truths we hold dear, and which we are prepared to maintain by reason before which no error can long hold up its head, do we protest against the introduction, by any party, for any purpose, of the practice of fighting by fictions, in which it is just as easy to make out a plausible case on one side as on the other.

Barring its design, *The Pilgrimage* would be entitled to much commendation. It is a slight but interesting story, eloquently told, abounding in scenes of great power and pathos, and its characters drawn by the hand of a master. Vollbrecht, the Rationalist hero, is well conceived and his gradual conversion is naturally brought about.

But these merits of authorship do not, in our eyes, compensate for the fault of the design, and therefore we cannot conscientiously wish it the success which otherwise it would deserve.

The translator's task has been admirably performed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Household Surgery; or, Hints on Emergencies. By JOHN F. SOUTH, one of the Surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital. London, 1847: C. Cox.

FAMILIAR instructions how to deal with surgical cases before surgical aid can arrive. It is for hurts what the *Domestic Medicine* is for disease—a hand-book to enable the friends of the sufferer to render him prompt and efficient aid, and to be used in anticipation of, and not as a substitute for, professional skill. Mr. SOUTH writes without using technicalities, in plain English prose, so that the most unlearned can comprehend his instructions, which are so full and explicit that none will experience the slightest difficulty in following them. He commences with prescriptions for poultices, fomentations, lotions, ointments, &c.; and then proceeds to the operations of household surgery, as blood-letting, blistering, vaccination, tooth-drawing, binding broken limbs, lancing, the treatment of bruises and wounds, scalds and burns, broken bones, dislocations, piles, bunions, corns, tumours, inflammations, stifling, &c. &c. It is profusely illustrated with woodcuts. This volume will be an indispensable addition to every family library, and it should have a place allotted to it where it should be always found on an emergency.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge, Vol. I. London: C. Knight.

WE have repeatedly noticed this extraordinary work during its appearance in parts. The first volume now lies before us complete, and it fully justifies all that we have said of it. Here are no less than 1,020 columns of small type, with a multitude of woodcuts, and presenting all the valuable features of the best cyclopædias, their learning and their accuracy, without their needless

elaboration, for *five shillings*! It is, beyond all measure, the boldest literary adventure ever attempted in this or any other country.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Ninfa, Eine Novelle, 2 vols. 8vo. (*Ninfa, a Novel*). Leipzig, 1846.

THOUGH the author of the work before us is not named, we have no difficulty in detecting that it emanates from the pen of a lady, and of a lady moving in the higher circles of society. The sex and social position of a woman are discernible in her style as in her handwriting. There are, undoubtedly, many powerful and determined characters among the sex, yet their handwriting never attains the firmness of that of a man, and the fuller and thicker they make their strokes, the more evident becomes the difference. This same difference prevails in the style of the two sexes—the expression of their mental life. However energetic and powerful be the language of a woman, the feminine character will always penetrate—and we are far from considering this a fault. In art as in life, woman should appear in her native character, and not endeavour to copy man. As to the position of the authoress, we draw our conclusion from the truth of her pictures. The virtues and failings of the upper classes of society can only be thus depicted by one who has moved in the midst of them.

On the other hand, whoever takes up this German book, will certainly not suspect it to be the work of an Englishwoman; yet, that such is the case, we have been positively assured. Not only is the language pure and idiomatic German, but the stamp of German nationality is strongly impressed upon the whole mode and style of the composition. These differ from the English in the same degree as the characters of the two nations differ, for the literature of the people always takes its colouring from the national character. The English are pre-eminently practical: they found all their actions upon experience and observation, and their attention is therefore principally turned towards external matters. We see, in consequence, that English writers in general give a full description of all the outward circumstances of their personages before they proceed to place their motives and actions before the reader. Of this manner WALTER SCOTT is a striking illustration. The German, more philosophical in his nature, and more occupied with mental matters, commences with thoughts and ideas, and places before us all his discoveries in the world of mind, before he attempts to represent these phenomena in their outward manifestation. Watching the springs and motives of the inward world, he depicts in preference the workings of the soul of man, and it is in tracing these that he gives us an idea of his outward image.

We do not mean to determine which is the best mode of proceeding; well and skilfully applied, both lead to the same goal. The outward and the inward world are so intimately connected, that, from whichever point we start, we are sure to arrive at the other. As we have already stated, our authoress treats her subject in the German manner. Her delineations begin from within, and not only her mode of representation is German, but she pictures German society in the truest colours. The German nation, and more particularly the small German courts, will not, however, feel flattered by the picture, for the petty interests of society in the small towns of Germany are made to cut but a poor figure, when contrasted, as they are, with a description of Italy, embellished with all the gorgeous colours of poetry. No doubt there is in Germany much absurdity, much pedantry, and much littleness; but there is also much romance, much depth and poetry of feeling, and poetry so peculiar to the nation, that in no other language can it be em-

bodied. How, for instance, render in any other language the expressions, "*schmucht*," "*schwärmerei*?" It has pleased our authoress, however, merely to view the prosaic side of German life, and by her determination so to do she is punished, and Germany is revenged. For the petty circumstances to which we have alluded, mar the greatness of action in her work, and interfere with the idea which ought to pervade it. There are two species of novels: the one approaches the character of the epics; it depicts the interests and passions of a given period, and though individual characters appear therein, they occupy a prominent position only in so far as they are the representatives of the wants and aspirations of the times. The fate of the individual is subordinate to the fate of the many, and the idea which pervades such works is that of historical necessity. In England WALTER SCOTT may be considered the head of this school; in France, VICTOR HUGO in his *Notre Dame de Paris* has followed the same system. And as these two authors have, by means of individual representatives, familiarised us with the spirit of past times, so do DICKENS and SUE in like manner depict the times we live in. The other species of novel is the dramatic; in this the inward life of man is depicted as entering into conflict with other powers, and every circumstance is made to contribute to this conflict. Here then it is not the historical but the individual interest which is the predominant one. Here individual man, with his purposes and his actions, is the representative of the idea of the work, and forms the central point of interest; and though the interest may, by the nature of the conflict, be rendered manifold, it must never fail to tend towards this one central point. The centre of interest, on the other hand, must never be divided, lest our feelings become likewise divided, and consequently weakened. We call this species the dramatic, because of the drama; it is not the historic, but the individual interest which is prominent. An individual who, by his character and position, calls forth all our sympathies, is, by the force of circumstances, led into a conflict with other characters or powers, and from this conflict springs the dramatic action. The merit and force of the drama depend upon a strict adherence to this rule. This unity of idea prevails in the dramas of the ancients, and more particularly in those of ÆSCHYLUS and SOPHOCLES. In SHAKESPEARE we find the characteristics of both species. Several of his tragedies have more of the epic than of the dramatic interest. In his historical dramas, for instance, the interest is not centered in any prominent individuality, but in the historical development of the action. But, to make amends for the absence of this prominent individual interest, which is the principal condition of the drama, SHAKESPEARE has introduced among the subordinate personages of these very pieces some of his most strikingly original characters. As an instance of this kind, we may mention *Falstaff*, in *Henry the Fourth*. Of how much greater dramatic merit are not, however, his other tragedies, such as *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, &c. &c. BULWER may perhaps be named as the representative of the dramatic novel; but the Germans also have, under this head, produced many excellent works. GÖTTE's novels all belong to this species; and TIECK, who as a critic has effected much good, though as a poet he has been vastly overrated, has contributed several valuable specimens.

In this class of novels, we must also include the work now under consideration, as in it we find a prominent individuality, which, engaged in a conflict with all surrounding circumstances and events, absorbs all our interest. Ninfa, the heroine, is a young and delicate girl, gifted with every charm of mind and person,—gentle and timid in the common relations of life, but when her feelings are roused, rising above the gentleness of her nature, and becoming firm and energetic in action. Her

deep sympathy with the misfortunes of her friend, her poignant grief at the loss of her instructor, make us fear, from the very commencement, that this delicate and ideal blossom of the south may be doomed to wither when touched by the cold breath of reality. Her feelings are locked up in her own heart, for there is no hope of sympathy from her mother, a vain coquette, nor from her absent father, a worldly man, broken in fortune and in spirits. Three young travellers appear upon the stage; Wilhelm, the son of the minister of a small German state; Richter, a divine, travelling with him in the capacity of tutor and protector; and Baron Otho, a sort of comic character, who has joined the others with a view to enjoying his ease abroad as at home. Of the three, Richter is the most powerfully drawn; his character, a mixture of good and evil, in which vanity is the leading feature, is however wanting in consistency. He has a deep sense of the beautiful in nature and in art, and is capable of appreciating all that is good and noble; but when it suits his purpose, he can nevertheless stoop to hypocrisy, falsehood, and every other baseness,—in short, he belongs to that class of character, which are termed demoniac. From the first moment of their acquaintance, he is powerfully struck with the charms of Ninfa, and his vanity leads him to believe that his feelings for her are returned; for Ninfa, who quickly discerns all the eminent qualities of the man, attaches herself to him as a friend and teacher. But Ninfa's heart, with all its best affections, is given to Wilhelm, who is described as a weak and common-place character. As it often happens in love, and more particularly in first love, she sheds around this character the halo of her ideal world, and is not aware that the being she cherished in her heart is the creature of her own imagination, and not the insignificant young man in whom she has embodied this ideal soul. Richter, believing that he has made the conquest of the lovely Italian, breaks off a previous engagement with a German maiden, and on discovering his mistake breathes anger and revenge. On the other hand, the lovers have to encounter the decided opposition of Ninfa's father, a hard-hearted soldier, who returns to his home, after a long absence, in the hopes of making his daughter's hand the means of repairing his shattered fortune. Despairing of overcoming this resistance, the lovers are clandestinely married, and seek safety in flight. In Wilhelm's home we meet them again, surrounded by all the petty circumstances of domestic life in Germany, in the tainted atmosphere of a small court, and in the midst of scenes which form a most painful contrast to Ninfa's former life, and of elements which are in jarring discord with her character. From love to Wilhelm, however, she seeks to conform in every way to the exigencies of her new position. Leaving the cares of government to his haughty mistress and to his minister, Wilhelm's father, the sovereign of this small state amuses himself with all sorts of fantastic fooleries and ludicrous artistic productions. On Ninfa's appearance, his enthusiasm for the arts makes him hail a kindred spirit in the lovely Italian. The minister, to secure his own position, and to promote the prospects of his son, favours the growing attachment of the prince, while Ninfa innocently receives its manifestations as simple marks of courtesy. Wilhelm's jealousy is aroused, but a similar feeling has previously been awakened in Ninfa's breast, by the appearance in the family of a rich and pretty cousin of Wilhelm's, who had once been destined for his bride. By Richter's double dealing, and a variety of other circumstances, the mutual jealousy of the husband and wife is nourished; distrust and self-torture destroy their peace and happiness, and Ninfa's heart sinks under the trial. At a *fête* given by the prince, all the smouldering passions burst forth. Ninfa is brought home in a state of insensibility. Wilhelm is

at last convinced of Richter's treachery and of his wife's innocence; he hastens to her bedside—but too late, her heart is broken. He is only in time to receive the parting look of the unhappy victim, who dies without obtaining the assurance of her husband's constancy. We have given this brief outline of the story, with a view to attaching our remarks to it, and without any fear of diminishing the interest of the reader in the work, as its claims to our attention are based upon greater merits than the mere excitement and satisfaction of frivolous curiosity. Its interest lies in the artistic treatment of the subject, and in the skilful development of the characters. But these superior qualities also entitle it to the more earnest notice of the critic, and make it more particularly his duty not to let the faults of the work pass unheeded. The chief defect of the work is, the absence of that unity of idea to which we have above alluded, and the consequent want of completeness. Had it been the intention of the authoress to shew us in Ninfa a noble poetic character in conflict with the common realities of life, we would have admitted that she had chosen her position well, and planned the circumstances best calculated to render the conflict evident. But Ninfa does not succumb under the influence of these discordant elements—she does not even become conscious of their extreme uncongeniality; she perseveres in her love for Wilhelm and is destroyed by the jealousy which this love engenders. Then to prove the power of jealousy, it will be said, is the fundamental idea of the novel. But in that case this passion ought to have appeared in the form of an irresistible and relentless power; and it is, on the contrary, merely sportively introduced—is based upon a mistake, and there is no apparent cause for the development of its fatal character. The elements produced are of too insignificant a character to overcome so noble a nature as Ninfa's. The necessity of the idea affords no consolation for her sacrifice, and we are therefore painfully affected by the cruelty of her fate. The only character of sufficient weight to represent the opposing power is Richter's, and though but partially developed and vaguely traced, it does certainly contain some of the necessary demoniac elements. But, on the other side, the fatal error which leads to the catastrophe is not his work; and though he contributes to confirm it, other circumstances, over which he has no control, likewise contribute their share. It is also doubtful whether men, like women, seek revenge for disappointed love. In woman's life love is everything; to this feeling she sacrifices every other, and therefore, when wounded and thwarted, it is apt to turn to hatred and revenge. But though there may be men with such womanly feelings, they are not grounded in the nature of man. He, like woman, yearns for a return of his love; he can make any sacrifice for it, even that of life; in the fury of passion he may murder his rival, and even his beloved, but it is not in his nature to brood over a slow and tardy vengeance, which promises no reward. When the first storm of passion is over, reflection returns, and he is no longer absorbed in this one feeling; while, in woman, reflection itself assumes the character of passion. In Richter's character in particular, there are, notwithstanding its serious defects, too many manly qualities, not to make this brooding over revenge appear very inconsistent. Far otherwise is it with *Jago* in *Othello*. He knows no passion: to his heart every noble feeling is unknown; but, through his intellect, he comprehends them all. His desire of vengeance is therefore directed against these feelings; and as it is through his intellect he knows them, he determines that they shall be made the sport of his intellect. Vengeance on any particular object is not, in fact, his aim; nay, he has even to persuade himself into being offended in order to obtain some tangible medium through which to satisfy the

cravings of his demon nature. In him we find a well-defined contrast to the two lovers, for he constitutes in himself a fearful power.

Having now considered, at some length, the chief defects of our authoress's work, it is but just that we should touch upon the merits: and among these we find two qualities which distinguish her from the ordinary class of female writers. The first is the surpassing tact with which she depicts the workings of the soul without in the slightest degree violating feminine delicacy and dignity. This is a quality which cannot be sufficiently commended, for it is a common failing with writers of her sex to fall into one of two extremes,—either, to avoid revealing to the world the sacred depths of their own hearts, they represent in their works shadowy and unreal beings, or they recklessly display the inward recesses of their souls, and unveil to the public gaze that sanctuary of the heart, whose secret mysteries constitute so great a part of woman's loveliness. To this latter defect is, in a great measure, owing the prejudice so frequently cherished against female authors, for the more we honour women, the less can we bear to see them violate the chaste dignity of their characters; and we therefore hail with delight instances like the one before us, in which we can admire the high attainments of the artist, without having to deplore any concomitant defect in the woman. The second distinguishing feature of our authoress is her power of divesting herself of her individuality, and of identifying herself with the characters she portrays. In consequence, unlike the greater number of her sister authoresses, whose fictitious characters are but too often mere reproductions and modifications of their own personal history, views, and feelings, she represents to us, not images of herself, but creations in life and character distinct from herself, and bearing that stamp of reality which proves them to be drawn from life. She has given us a picture of life, drawn from the impartial point of view of the unconcerned bystander, and which, though not a perfect work of art, nevertheless gives strong evidence of artistic power in the author. All the elements of art are to be found in the work, but the proportions are not correct, and the distribution of shade and light is faulty. In some instances, motives and causes are too elaborately defined; in others, not sufficiently so; and while in some places we perceive too much design, in others the design is not sufficiently apparent. There is also throughout too great a fertility of imagination—too great a luxuriance of thought and incident, and many a feature which, though attractive in itself, interferes with and mars the symmetry of the whole, and so profuse a richness of colouring that the variety of the tints often injures the distinctness of the image. This is particularly the case in the picture of Ninfa. It is also a mistake to place the noblest sentiments on the lips of Richter at a juncture when the reader has already lost all interest and confidence in him, and is only anxious to follow the further development of the plot. To sum up: the authoress has in this work proved herself a poet, though not yet an artist; and this, though it sounds like blame, is in reality eulogy, for we have little to expect from a writer whose first production is complete according to all rules. On the other hand, when we meet in a work all the necessary elements, we may feel sure that the power of artistic arrangement will be acquired by practice. The diapason of our authoress's mind is wide and comprehensive, embracing every tone, from the liveliest wit to the deepest pathos, and she possesses the power of making us laugh and weep at her pleasure. One of the best drawn characters is Ninfa's mother, who, notwithstanding her flirting propensities, is always amiable and attractive. The scene in the convent is highly amusing, and her manner of receiving the avowal of Ninfa's love equally so.

And herewith we take leave of this book, which, though the work of an Englishwoman, will take its rank among the best productions of modern literature in Germany, and, should it be translated into the writer's mother-tongue, will give her countrymen a more correct idea of this literature than many of the works which are introduced to them through many of the translation-manufactories of the day, and which very often have either never had a name in Germany, or have long ceased to be remembered there.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

An Exposition of the Apocalypse. By DAVID N. LORD. New York: Harper. London: Wiley and Putnam. An elaborate, learned, and ingenious attempt to solve the mysteries of the Revelations. It is historical as well as argumentative, and, if for nothing else, is valuable as a laborious collection of the opinions of all the fathers and commentators who have treated of that book of the Scriptures from the earliest period to the present time. In America it has acquired great popularity, and no doubt its introduction into this country will be welcomed by all who desire to study the subject of which it treats.

Spenser and the Fairy Queen. By Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND, Author of "A New Home," &c. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam.

Mrs. KIRKLAND is desirous of introducing the beauties of SPENSER to American readers, and with this intent she has made a selection of the best passages in the *Fairy Queen* and introduced them with a brief biography of the poet and some critical remarks of her own, that exhibit much taste and a just appreciation of the peculiar excellences of a poet of whom his countrymen talk more and really know less than of any other. The volume will not be useful in America only. Here it may do good service by directing attention to treasures of poetry which are rarely disturbed even by those who consider themselves, and are really, discursive readers. For our own part we must confess to the fact that we have never proceeded further than to peruse SPENSER in "Beauties" and "Selections," and we never met a man who had fairly read him through. This is the best series of extracts we have seen.

AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

J. S. Du Solle, esq. Editor of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times*, has in preparation for publication a book growing out of his recent travels in Europe, to be entitled *Pictures Abroad*.

W. Ellery Channing, esq. has, it is said, nearly ready a new æsthetic prose work, from which much of interest may be expected.

Henry D. Thoreau, esq. whose elaborate paper on Carlyle, now publishing in *Graham's Magazine*, is attracting considerable attention, has also completed a new work of which report speaks highly. It will probably be soon given to the public.

Messrs. Ticknor and Co. Boston, announce *White Slavery in Algiers*, by Charles Sumner, author of *The True Grandeur of Nations*, &c.

Messrs. Carey and Hart advertise several new American works, in addition to previous announcements in *The Literary World*. In American Biography they will soon publish *The Generals of the American Revolution*, by J. T. Sullivan, with Notes, &c.; *Memoirs of Generals and Commanders of the War of 1812*, with Medals, &c.

The new edition of Judge Breckenridge's *Modern Chivalry* is just issued, with ten illustrations by Darley.

The *Prose Writers of Germany*, by Professor Hedge, will be the next of the octavo series, already numbering the volumes on *The Prose and Poetry of America*, *The Poetry of Europe*, *Of England*, and of *Greece and Rome*.

Several Comic works are also nearly ready—*Waggeries and Vagaries*, by William Burton, Comedian; *Streaks of Squatter's Life*, Major Jones's Courtship.

Messrs. C. and H. also announce, *The Scourge of the Ocean*, by an Officer in the U. S. Navy.

George F. Coolidge and Brother, have now ready the *Life of John Smith, the Founder of Virginia*, by W. Gilmore Simms, illustrated by numerous engravings.

Messrs. Harpers' publication, the important work of Dr. Monette, on the *History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi*, is receiving the attention from the public which the originality of the plan of the book, and the extent of the information brought together in its pages, fully entitle it to.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES—EDUCATION.

UNNECESSARY CHARGES ON A FOURTH-RATE TENEMENT.

Sewers, 7l. 10s. instead of 4l. entailing on the annual	£ s. d.
rent an excess of	0 7 9
Cost of inserting the neck of a private drain into the sewer, 1l. 1s. instead of 5s. an excess of	0 1 9
Private drains, 3l. instead of 1l. 10s. an excess of	0 3 4
Water apparatus, 4l. instead of 2l. an excess of	0 4 5
Water supply, annual, 1l. 6s. instead of 8s. 6d. an excess of	0 17 6
Surveyor's fee, 2l. 2s. instead of 10s. 6d. an excess of	0 3 6
Fire-insurance risk, 10s. instead of 2s. 6d. an excess of	0 7 6

Total annual tax on occupier 2 5 9

Immediate outlay, 17l. or 18l. instead of 8l. or 9l.—*Report of the Health of Towns' Commission.*

HEALTH OF TOWNS.—EXTRACT FROM LATIMER'S SERMONS.—"And here you may note, by the way, that these citizens [the citizens of Nain] had their burying-place without the city, which no doubt is a laudable thing, and I do much marvel that London, being so rich a city, hath not a burying-place without, for no doubt it is an unwholesome thing to bury within the city, specially at such a time when there be great sicknesses, so that many die together. I think, verily, that many a man taketh ill in Paul's church-yard; this I speak of experience, for I myself when I have been there of mornings to hear the sermons, have felt such an ill-fained unwholesome savour, that I was the worse for it a great while after. And I think it not less but it be the origin of much sickness and diseases; therefore, the citizens of Nain had the good and laudable custom to bury their corpses without the city, which ensamples we should follow."—*Latimer's Sermons*, ii. 282.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We shall give another notice to the more remarkable features of the Exhibition, before we adopt our usual plan of examining the walls in order.

But first let us correct an error of last week. Writing from memory, we had attributed to F. GOODALL the picture of *English Merry Making*, the honour of which belongs to Mr. FRITH. F. GOODALL is the painter of another scene of similar character, and as thoroughly English in subject and handling, and for which, strange to say, he has selected the identical quotation with Mr. FRITH (whence our error). The group at the door of the hostelry is equal to any thing of WILKIE'S, and every time the eye turns to the picture, it will find fresh beauties.

For power there is no picture in the Gallery that approaches the magnificent head of *Napoleon at Fontainebleau* (No. 543). But then it is sent by no less a personage than PAUL DELAROCHE, the greatest of living French, if not of European, painters. It is nothing but a portrait without ornament or accessory. But it is one of those realities of art, which, once seen, remains indelibly engraved upon the memory. The name of NAPOLEON will never be heard or read by any one who has paused for two minutes before this embodiment of the genius as well as of the form of the Emperor, but the image that will rise up in the mind will be no longer the ideal one, before familiar, but this living, thinking, breathing, soul-speaking reality, created by the magical art of the painter. If any person have doubted whether the fame of PAUL DELAROCHE has not been exalted beyond its merits, let him turn to this picture and his doubts will be dissipated. There is unmistakable genius in every touch. Of course it was among the earliest sold.

The biggest picture in the Gallery is not one picture, but three pictures—one subject in three compartments—representing three epochs in the history of *Joan of Arc*, by ETYV. It is a very disappointing work, not worthy of the artist's fame. One scene only is of high excellence: JOAN bound to the stake is powerfully expressive of the resolution of the martyr and of confidence in Heaven. But JOAN in the combat is a poor affair; there is no energy in her limbs; she does not well aim her blow, and the fallen warrior is not warding off her sword, but the dreaded fall of a chimney-pot from a neighbouring house.

The portraits are as numerous as ever, but most of them are of very great merit. GRANT is the most prominent, from the rank of his sitters: his manner is just what it was. No. 510, the best of them, *Mr. Sidney Herbert*, is a fac-simile of twenty other gentlemen from the same easel. KNIGHT has two or three striking portraits, among which, especially noteworthy, is that of *Lieut. Holman, the Blind Traveller* (No. 72), but the subject is a peculiarly fine one. PICKERSGILL is happy in a portrait of *Henry Hallam, the Historian* (No. 98). It is an intellectual picture.

We never remember an exhibition with so much beauty in the subjects for female portraiture. Foremost in attraction for combined grace and dignity—a magnificent specimen of the ideal of nobility—is the *Duchess of Sutherland* (No. 36), and near it an enchanting form of perfect beauty—the ideal of a poet's or a painter's dream—is her daughter, the *Lady Constance Leveson Gower* (No. 32). Both are painted by R. BUCKNER, and must make for the artist an immediate and wide reputation.

There is another very clever portrait, by an artist whose name is new to us, and who, from his title, we should have supposed to be an amateur, but who, as we are informed, is working professionally. It is No. 234, *The Viscountess Maidstone*, by the Hon. H. GRAVES,—remarkable for simplicity of design and neatness of execution.

A picture which has always a crowd round it is No. 291,—*The South Sea Bubble; a Scene in Change-alley in 1720*, by E. M. WARD. It is an extremely clever composition, full of life, and admirably telling its story. The earnestness of the motley crowd who throng the 'Change, forgetting all distinctions of rank, sex, or age, in the fever of the gambling mania, is expressed with singular skill, and must at once place the artist among the foremost in the class of subjects to which this belongs.

ANSDELL has one picture, called *The Combat*, No. 361—two stags fighting—full of energy and passion. In that particular subject Mr. ANSDELL is but little, if at all, inferior to LANDSEER. We almost expect to hear the cries of the injured combatants, and to see them leap from the frame in their deadly struggle.

LEE has many of his wonted transcripts of the rich and verdant scenery of England. No. 498, a *Landscape in Lincolnshire*, is the true green of Nature, with such cool shades that one feels loath to turn away from it. So No. 80, *The Watering-place*, is genuine water, with the manner of CONSTABLE combined with his own, producing an effect which we trust Mr. LEE will use largely in his future works. Here it was obviously an experiment, and it has been completely successful.

THOMAS COOPER is the English CUYV. Last year he produced a cattle piece, which CUYV himself might have been proud of. This year there is another, not quite its equal, but yet an admirable work, No. 401, *Drovers halting on their way over the Mountains*. How real are the sheep reposing in the foreground! how sleepy is the eye of that cow whose back another cow is performing the friendly office of scratching! How crisp, cool, and fresh is that heathery atmosphere!

GEORGE LANCE, too, is great in his style, which is not the greatest. His picture, No. 438, *From the Lake—just shot*, amazes (we can use no better term) the spectator. Look into it as closely as you will, and you can scarce satisfy yourself that the piece of carpeting upon which lies the wild duck is paint and not real wool. The feathers are perfect. The fruit is not an imitation merely, but a fac-simile of nature. The best of the Dutch school do not surpass, and few equal these laborious productions of GEORGE LANCE in laborious perfection, while the subjects of the latter are infinitely more pleasing.

Having thus noticed the more remarkable of the pictures, we shall proceed next week to take our readers round the rooms in regular succession.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—PURCHASES.—During her Majesty's visit to the Royal Academy last week, she made purchase of Mr. Frost's picture of "Una." His royal highness Prince Albert purchased "The Liberation of the Slaves," a scriptural subject, by Mr. H. Le Jeune. Lord Ellesmere is the proprietor of Stanfield's "Carrara Mountains." Messrs. Colls and Wass have bought (on speculation) Etty's three great pictures of "Joan of Arc," for 2,500 guineas; Witherington's picture of "The Village," an illustration of Goldsmith; Frith's "English Merry-making;" and "Presbyterian Catechising," by J. Philip. Mr. Vernon has bought Mr. E. M. Ward's "Change Alley at the time of the South Sea Bubble;" and Goodall's picture on the same subject as Frith's just mentioned. Mr. David Salomons has purchased "The Charity Boy's Debut," by J. Collinson; "The King's Son and the Ghibleh," by A. D. Cooper; Mr. Hart's "Milton and Galileo;" and Havell's "Saw-pit in Devonshire." Delaroche's picture of "Napoleon" belongs to Lord Titchfield. Mr. Hogarth is the proprietor of "Peace and Righteousness," by Mr. Hart, and Creswick's "England." The study for the fresco, by Dyce, to be executed at Osborne House, was purchased by Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Grundy, the publisher, of Manchester, has bought Mr. Elmore's picture of "Beppo." Nearly every picture on a level with the eye is, we understand, already disposed of in *bona fide* sales; and but few to Art-Union prize-holders. Amongst those, however, which have had the latter destiny is, we believe, Mr. Hart's "Toilet Musings."—*Athenæum*.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.—Her Majesty's Commissioners of Fine Arts have just issued the following notice respecting the exhibition of oil paintings in Westminster-hall in June next:—"Her Majesty's Commissioners of Fine Arts hereby give notice, that oil-paintings intended for exhibition are to be sent to Westminster-hall between the hours of ten and five, from Monday, the 31st of May, to Saturday, the 5th of June, but no painting will be received after that day. Each exhibitor is required to send, together with his work, a letter containing his name and address, with such title or quotation descriptive of his work as may be intended for publication, subject to the approval of the commissioners. The name of the exhibitor is also to be written on each specimen sent by him. The artists may send their works in frames or not, as they please; but in the event of frames being sent, they must be of moderate width. The artists, or their agents, will not be admitted into the hall at the time of depositing the works sent for exhibition, but one or more days will be appointed for varnishing or retouching the pictures after they shall have been arranged. No picture will be allowed to be retouched except by the artist himself. Every possible care will be taken of the pictures, but in case of injury or loss the commissioners will not be responsible."

The increased interest which the public take in the Fine Arts may, perhaps, be indicated by the fact that, though the doors of the Academy were opened only at mid-day on Monday the 3rd inst. the receipts in shillings for admission amounted to 106l. On Tuesday they had reached 114l. and on Wednesday 150l.—the last being a larger sum than was ever received on any former occasion.

MUSIC.

The Pastoral Week: Six Vocal Quartetts for Two Trebles, Tenor, and Bass. The Words by JOHN MAJOR; the Music by J. S. MAJOR. London: Addison and Co.

THE poet of these pastorals is a gentleman well known in the literary world, both as a publisher and as an author, and by his edition of *Isaac Walton* will be remembered long after our generation shall have passed away. MR. MAJOR's endeavour has been to preserve the style of the old poets, and success has crowned the effort. The stanzas are very *Waltonian* in their manner, and therefore peculiarly adapted for the music to which they have been married by the poet's nephew, Mr. J. S. MAJOR. The composer has manifestly entered heart and soul into his revered relative's idea, and preserved the pastoral spirit in his strains, so that these six quartetts forcibly remind the listener of the best productions of the English school in its best days, and will be an acceptable accession to the portfolios of the glee-club, and of families and societies where part-singing is practised.

In the *Musical Bouquet* Mr. ALLMAN perseveres in his resolve to present only a carefully-edited selection of the best works of the best masters, and we doubt not that an increasing sale will reward the judicious change.

Mr. C. E. Horn's Oratorio of Belshazzar.

THE production of an original oratorio by an English composer of so high and deserved a reputation as Mr. C. E. HORN, is an event in the musical world which will be anticipated with interest and anxiety by all who desire that England should regain her place among the national schools of music. Mr. HORN is known as being next to Sir H. BISHOP, who rather belongs to the past, the best living composer of lyrical music. Many of his productions of this class are established favourites, such as, "I know a bank," "Child of Earth, with the golden hair," "In the deep, deep sea," and others, equally familiar, have taken their places among the national music of our country, and "I know a bank" is so associated with the words of the poet that it is likely to be remembered with them for generations to come. Mr. HORN has now, in the maturity of his genius, made a loftier effort. He has written an oratorio, called *Belshazzar*, of which rumour speaks very highly, and which is to be brought out at the Music Hall, in Store-street, on Wednesday evening next. We have no doubt that a numerous audience will attend to welcome the composer. It is said that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and others of the leading patrons of the musical art have intimated their intention to be present on this interesting occasion.

QUEEN'S CONCERT-ROOMS, HANOVER-SQUARE. — Herr STÖPEL and Miss HELENE STÖPEL gave, with the aid of their pupils and other artists, a concert at the above rooms, on Thursday last. M. STÖPEL is known from his success in teaching the pianoforte in classes, not, however, without the due admixture of individual instruction to his pupils. Some eighteen of these, principally young ladies, exhibited their acquirements in the simultaneous performance of overtures and fantasias, with highly creditable results. Miss STÖPEL is a player of great attainments and sound taste: her reading of P. MAYER's fantasia, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, left little to be desired, even at the hands of the author himself. The other instrumentalists were M. STEVENIERS on the violin, and SIGNOR PIATTI on the violoncello: this last *virtuoso* makes out a sufficient justification of the Italian masters who have painted St. Cecilia with that instrument; we never felt its inspiration so powerfully before, as in SCHUBERT *Litania*, as rendered by PIATTI. Mr. F. STÖPEL gave great delight by the brilliancy of his performance upon a novel instrument of music, composed of wood and straw, (upon the plan of the rock-harmonicon), termed the Xylo-chordion. His facility and powers of expression upon this very elementary structure were worthy of grander results than its nature can afford. Madame KNISPEL sang some German songs with much sweetness, as did also Herr HETZEL and Mr. GREGG. The latter gentleman is not merely inoculated but saturated with STAUDIGL; and, as is usual in such imitations, has contracted more of the defects than the virtues of the original. Miss NELSON must endeavour to conquer her timidity, if she would do justice to her natural qualifications. She is young, and will ensure, both from her pleasing manner and evident talents, the utmost encouragement which judicious audiences bestow upon budding talent. The rooms were well filled, and with a fashionable audience.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — On Wednesday Mrs. BUTLER appeared, we believe for the first time, in the character of *Mariana*, in SHERIDAN KNOWLES's play of *The Wife*. This is not one of the author's most successful productions, although not wanting in many of his most pleasing qualities—genuine poetry, nice traits of character, bursts of passionate emotion, and effective scenes. It is, however, somewhat too forced and improbable in the structure of its plot. *Mariana* is all gentleness and truth—a true woman, guileless herself, and unsuspecting of guile in others. She is rather meek than spirited, and therefore not a happy character for Mrs. BUTLER, whose *forte* is in the expression of strong emotions, who is excellent in passages of intense passion and in quiet scenes is more distinguished for graceful movement than for subdued and retiring delicacy. She had evidently formed a just conception of the part she was playing—she knew how it ought to be acted—but there was wanting the power accurately to express her own conceptions. Her natural dignity and spirit rebelled against the restraint, and broke out now and then in spite of her. Mr. CRESWICK's *Julian St. Pierre* was an extremely clever performance. The part is a good and showy one, and he made the best of it. Many actors yield to the temptation it offers for rant. He resisted and was successful accordingly in winning the applause of the audi-

ence, which was loudly expressed, not only during the performance, but afterwards when, in obedience to a general call, he led Mrs. BUTLER before the curtain.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET

TO A DAISY ON THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

A word with thee, white daughter of the sun!
I pause and wonder whether earth or sky
Keeps thee so beautiful to human eye.
Hast thou no sister—solemn as a nun,
And serious as a mourner—who could make
A dwelling on this grave? for thou dost grow
Too like the likeness of a bride to take
A place so near dark death. And yet not so!
Thou never could'st in holier beauty wake
To grace the home of one who sleeps below.
Who sleeps below was *truthful* while he lived,
And is it sympathy which draws thee here?
If I were sure an angel ever grieved,
Then I would prize thee as an angel's tear.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

NECROLOGY.

GEIJER THE HISTORIAN.

By the last advices from Stockholm, we regret to learn the death, at Upsala, of Professor Eric Gustaf Geijer, the celebrated historian and philosopher. The decease of this eminent man is by so much the more to be regretted, as he has not been spared to complete his great work on the *History of Sweden*, of which only one volume had been published, though Professor Geijer had devoted many years to collecting materials for its continuation.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—On Friday last Dr. Storer exhibited a few mesmeric experiments to some friends at his rooms in Park-street, in this city. The first person operated upon was a young female labouring under severe fits: she had been attended by some of the leading medical men of the city, without deriving any benefit. One medical gentleman (to his credit) advised her to try Mesmerism; her friends accordingly applied to Dr. Storer, and stated to the parties present that since Mesmerism had been tried her fits had been much less frequent, and appeared likely to leave her altogether. In the course of the *séance*, a young female, who had been suffering severely from the toothache, was sent into the sleep, and Mr. Williams, the celebrated dentist of Park-street, extracted the tooth, and stated, though this was the first tooth he had ever taken out under the influence of Mesmerism (he was continually in the habit of extracting teeth whilst the patients were under the effects of ether), he never performed an operation where there was less evidence of pain than upon the present occasion.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

S. D. S.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

809. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN FRANCIS, formerly of Spencer-street, St. George, and afterwards of Hanbury-place, All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex (died 20th Oct. 1839). *Something to advantage.*

810. GEORGE GRAY, eldest son of late Rev. THOMAS GRAY, minister of the gospel at Broughton Pechles, Scotland. He left Scotland in 1798, resided some time in Manchester as an engineer, and nothing has been heard of him since 1800. *Himself or his issue to claim share in a certain fund.*

811. LEGATEES of the Rev. WALTER HOVEDEN, deceased.

812. MILDRED CANNON, niece of Mildred Chambers, of Marsh Chapel, Lincoln (died Feb. 1839). Supposed to have resided at Limehouse, and to have been ill of the typhus fever, which caused her confine-

- ment in a lunatic asylum. *Something to her advantage.* Information of her requested.
813. MARY ELLIOTT, who about the year 1819 was residing with Mr. Jackson, at 9, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, London. *Something to her advantage.*
814. WILLIAM SHIELDS MORGAN, who in 1818 was residing at Kingston, Jamaica, and has not since been heard of. *Something to his advantage.* If dead, a reward of 5*l.* for information.
815. RELATIONS OF WILLIAM HILLIER, who carried on the business of a tinsmith in High-street, St. Giles's, London, in 1783.
816. HEIR AT LAW OF JAMES PUTNAM, formerly of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in British North America, but at the time of his death residing at 9, John-street, Portland-place, Middlesex.
817. NEXT OF KIN OF SAMUEL EVANS, late of 9, Little Portland-street, St. Marylebone, Middlesex, builder (died in May 1835), or their representatives.
818. CHILDREN OF JAMES ADAMS, and CHRISTIAN ADAMS (wife of John Gariech), who were the brother and sister of John Adams, late of Chandos-street, Covent Garden, Middlesex, wine and brandy merchant.
819. Mr. RICHARD BLOOMFIELD, who some few years resided at Strawberry-vale, Finchley, and whose father was formerly a solicitor in Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. *Something to advantage.*
820. NEXT OF KIN OF REV. GEORGE HANBURY PETTINGAL, late of the parish of St. Chad, Shrewsbury, Salop, Clerk, died Feb. 18, 1835, or their personal representatives.
821. NEXT OF KIN of the late SUSANNAH BAKER (formerly PHILLIPS), late of Bayne-terrace, Notting-hill, Kensington, Middlesex, died April 21, 1834, or her personal representatives.
822. NEXT OF KIN OF ANNY CLARE, late of Moss, parish of Quatt, County Salop, widow, died in June 1823.
823. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS LEWDEY, late of Cardiff, Glamorgan, mariner, died in Feb. 1835, or their personal representatives.
824. Mr. JOHN ELLIS, formerly a clerk in the house of Welsh and Stalker, Leadenhall-street, London, and who was intimate with a gentleman lodging at 61 or 62 in the said street, about the year 1807. *Something to advantage.*
825. NEXT OF KIN OF CHARLES HEXWORTHY, late of Highbridge, Burnham, Somerset, clerk, died August, 1824, or their personal representatives.

(To be continued weekly.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NB. For insertion in the first page the charge is one-fourth more, if expressly ordered for that page.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The anniversary of this institution took place in the London Tavern on Thursday evening, the Chevalier Bunsen (the Prussian Ambassador) in the chair. The principle of the Society is to administer assistance to authors of genius and learning, who may be reduced to distress by unavoidable calamities, or be deprived, by enfeebled faculties or declining life, of the power of literary exertion. This assistance is renewed as often as the committee consider necessary, and is extended at the death of an author to his widow and children. In the application of this liberality the utmost caution is used, both as to the reality of the distress, and the merits of the individual. We are sorry that the position assigned to us was such that we could neither hear the speeches nor the details of the report; and we are therefore compelled to give a mere programme of the proceedings of the Society. Among the noblemen and gentlemen who surrounded his Excellency the chairman were, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Stratford Canning, the United States Minister, the Bishops of Lincoln and St. David's, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Master of Trinity, and Archdeacon Wall. The following toasts were proposed by the chair in a most able and appropriate manner:—"The Queen, our magnificent patron;" "The Queen Dowager and the rest of the Royal family;" "The Church, and the Archbishop of Dublin." The Most Rev. Prelate returned thanks. "The Army and Navy." Lieut. Holman (the blind traveller) acknowledged the toast. "The Marquis of Lansdowne, the president;" "the Chairman elect, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland;" "The Lord Bishop of St. David's and the historians;" "Mr. Colley Grattan and the novelists;" "His Excellency Mr. Bancroft and the literary and scientific men of foreign countries;" "Archdeacon Hall and the stewards;" "The Ladies." The following toasts were also proposed:—By the Bishop of Lincoln, "His Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen, the chairman;" his Excellency returned thanks. By Sir R. H. Inglis, "His Majesty the King of Prussia;" the Chairman returned thanks. By the Earl of Arundel, "His Excellency Sir Stratford Canning and the Ambassadors who have honoured us with their presence;" Sir Stratford Canning acknowledged the

toast. By the Archbishop of Dublin, "The Master of Trinity and the writers on science;" the Master of Trinity returned thanks. By the Earl of Oxford, "Mr. Bell and the dramatists." By Mr. James, "Colonel Mure and the travellers." The sum subscribed at the table was stated to exceed 800*l.* The evening was enlivened by some excellent singing, and the dinner and wines were of the best description.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Agnes Morton; or, the Idolatry of the Heart, by the Author of "Christian Trials," 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* half bound.—Allen's (W.) Life, Vol. III. 8vo. 8*s.* cl.—Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) First Verse Book, third edit. 12mo. 2*s.* cl.
- Blunt's Scripture Coincidences of the Old and New Testament, 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Buller's (Col. F. T.) Apollony, and the Reaction of the Slavonians, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Burne's Teetotaler's Companion, 1 vol. 8vo. 8*s.* cl.—Bush's (G.) Reasons for embracing the Doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.
- Chambers's Educational Course, Classical Selections, "Cesar de Bello Gallico," 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Cookesley's (Rev. W. G.) Six Sermons, "Popery subversive of Christianity," second edit. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Cox's (Capt. E. T.) Regimental Moonsh, royal 8vo. 18*s.* cl.
- Eccleston's (J.) Introduction to English Antiquities, 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—English Life, Social and Domestic, by the Author of "Reverses," 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Englishwoman's Family Library, Vol. IX. "Temper and Temperament," by Mrs. Ellis, Vol. I. 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—Evelyn Harcourt; a novel, by Mrs. Col. Gascoigne, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Evil, Letters on; embracing an Examination of Popular Opinions respecting Satan, by a Layman, 9*d.*
- Family (The) Herald, Vol. IV. 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Friends in Council, Book First, by the Author of "Easy in the Interval of Business," post 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Fr's (Elizabeth) Memoirs, with Extracts from her Journal and Letters, edited by two of her Daughters, Vol. I. 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Gauguin's Crochet D'Oyly Book, 18mo. 6*d.* s.w.d.—Gauguin's Knit Polka Book, 18mo. 6*d.* s.w.d.
- Henstenberg's (E. W.) Christology of the Old Testament, abridged by Rev. T. K. Arnold, 8vo. 18*s.* cl.—Hunt's (Leigh) Men, Women, and Books, 8vo. 21*s.* cl.
- Keppel's (Hon. Capt. H.) Narrative of the Expedition to Borneo, 3rd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.* cl.
- Leupolt's (Rev. C. B.) Recollections of an Indian Missionary, 2nd edit. fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* cl.
- M'Kenzie's (Rev. H.) Commentary on the Gospels and Acts, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—M'Kean (Rev. T. S.) Missionary at Tahiti, Memoir of, by Rev. J. A. Miller, fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* cl.—Metallic Betting Book, roan, 2*s.* m. rocco, 3*s.*—Miller's (T.) The Boy's Spring Book, 16mo. 3*s.* cl. 2*s.* s.w.d.—More's (H.) Works, Vol. II. "Tales for the Common People," 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.
- Nicholson's (Rev. W.) Sermons, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.
- Old Testament History, by a Country Clergyman, Parts I. and II. 2nd edit. sq. 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Ditto, School Edition, 2*s.* bd.—Orphan's (The), Trial; a Tale in Blank Verse, fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.
- Physical Theory of Another Life, 3rd edit. fcap. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Prescott's The Conquest of Peru, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.* cl.—Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, 4th edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* cl.—Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, 3rd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* cl.
- Railway Map of England and Wales (Chapman and Hall's), in case, 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Richardson's (H. D.) Pigs; their Origin, &c. 12mo. 1*s.* s.w.d.—Rippon's Hymns, 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* roan embossed, 1*s.* 6*d.* col. slip.—Ritchie's (L.) The British World in the East, 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.* cl.—Robertson's (Lord) Gleams of Thought Reflected from the Writings of Milton, 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Robin Hood; a Fragment, by the late R. Southey and Caroline Southey, fcap. 8vo. 8*s.* cl.
- Seven (The) Churches, and other Poems, 18mo. 3*s.* cl.—Sketch of Assam, by an Officer, Coloured Plates and Map, 8vo. 14*s.* cl.; 20*s.* calf.—Starkey's (D. P.) Theoria, fcap. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Stoddart's (T. T.) Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.
- Theophilus on the Arts of the Middle Ages, 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—Thomson's Key to the Elementary Treatise on Algebra, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Timpson's () Angels of God, 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Timpson's Ecclesiastical History, 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Tyler's Elements of Modern History, 12mo. 3*s.* bd. Unseen (The) World; Communications with it, Real or Imaginary, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.
- Voice (A) from Lebanon; with the Life and Travels of Assad Y. Kayat, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.
- Walker (Samuel) Memoir of, late of Weymouth, by his Sister, with an Introduction by the Rev. John Smith, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Watt's (Miss) The Illustrated Knitting, Netting, and Crochet Book, 2nd Series, sq. 16mo. 1*s.* s.w.d.—Ditto, the Berthe and Collar Book, 1st Series, sq. 32mo. 6*d.* s.w.d.—Ditto, The Ladies' Knitting and Netting Book, 3rd Series, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—White (The) Cat, illustrated by J. W. fcp. 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Wildenhahn's The Pilgrimage; or, Rationalism in the Bud, the Blade, and the Ear, a Tale for our Times, translated from the German by Mrs. S. Carr, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Wilson (Erasmus) on Management of the Skin as a means of Promoting and Preserving Health, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Wilson's (F. W.) Sacred Songs, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Winslow's (Rev. O.) Personal Declaration and Revival of Religion in the Soul, 4th edit. fcp. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Wood's (T. M. D.) On the Nature and Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Wrench's (Matilda) The Highland Glen, 18mo. 1*s.* cl.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The name of Mr. Rophino Lucy was printed "Zacy" by mistake in our Musical notice last week,—an error for which our compositor is duly penitent.